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Awarded by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1940

Liberty

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HOW HUGE SUMS CAN BE SAVED THROUGH REGISTRATION SYSTEM

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The registration method recommended in a previous editorial would have saved this government hundreds of millions of dollars, and would have given a chance to select outstanding examples of physical fitness from ten or twenty million who would unquestionably have volunteered to go through a modified system of body building to make them outstanding specimens of American citizenship which would also be the correct procedure in preparing for soldiery.

The particular advantage of this form of registration procedure is that it could be carried out in such a way that within two or three weeks millions of young men would begin the preparatory process. In any form of conscription adopted the physical training should be of first importance.

Prizes for the greatest improvement would give an impetus to such a training procedure that would arouse the enthusiasm of the entire nation for physical preparedness.

The plan proposed in a recent editorial requires the registration of every male citizen from sixteen to forty years of age. It would probably be best if training began at sixteen, for at this early age more physical improvement can be secured.

Our schools and colleges have their athletes, strong, splendid specimens of manhood. They give exhibitions of their vital vigor, muscular powers, and skill on the athletic field. But the thousands who fill the grandstands should change positions with the players. The same attention to training that built the strength and vigor of these athletes could develop similar physical characteristics for most of those who make up the audience.

Every real American, every citizen who desires to do his part toward preserving the extraordinary privileges which we enjoy in this country, should be willing to make some sacrifices.

If the registration plan previously suggested were adopted, definite instructions could be given that would apply to individual needs, and if the physical training advised were practiced regularly great benefit could be assured.

This entire nation ought to be put through a training procedure to raise our physical status. Such a procedure could be accomplished with but small expense through this registration method.

It has been estimated that to train a million soldiers for a year would cost nearly a billion dollars. Ten to twenty million young men could be put through a training procedure in their own homes, and in classes arranged in every community at certain periods, at from 2 to 3 per cent of the expense required for intensive training in the army.

The first few months in the life of a soldier are given to hardening the muscles, developing endurance and strength, and the high cost of training in the regular army during this period could be avoided by this registration method.

The preachments that I have broadcast on vitalizing and strengthening the body have been generally ignored by the English-speaking race, but these lessons have sunk deeply into the national life of nearly all the European countries.

We are loud in our applause as to the value of home life as a stabilizing force. There can be no home life worth mentioning without healthy vigorous parents. The "termites" have been eating at the foundation of our national life, and while Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini have been giving their attention to the rules of health building to harden the muscles and give stability and character that come with vitality, we have almost entirely ignored the importance of these outstanding requisites.

Let me repeat . . . that ultimately every male citizen in this country should be registered, and he should be definitely instructed as to what he can do to raise his physical status to make him a better and stronger man; and if he is so lacking in ambition and patriotism as to ignore such advice he is not worthy of American citizenship.

We are spending billions of money for armament, and unless we have the men who can efficiently use these mechanical devices, this mountain of money is wasted. The half million or more men we are drafting is but a small beginning. Millions will be required behind the lines, and every effort that is made to raise the physical standard of the race will add to the efficiency of those who are willing to make this sacrifice.

Man power . . . that is what is needed, and it is not at all necessary to spend billions of dollars in acquiring this objective. Register our male citizens and show them the way.

Bernarr Macfadden

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TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

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BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

"We drill at night, on the desert or in quiet canyons."

IS HITLER MILITARIZING MEXICO?

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

RAT-a-tat-tat—rat-a-tat-tat—rat-a-tat-tat—

Guns, not drums — machine-guns, at that!

It was July 7, 1940; Mexico City, Federal District, Mexico. Five million people were streaming to the polls. For July 7 was Election Day.

Juan Andreu Almazan or Manuel Avila Camacho? Two men of equal schooling, equal opportunity, equal birth. The former now a millionaire; the latter an executive. Both mildly friendly to the United States.

A bitter election had been prophesied. A week before the voters went to the polls by Presidential decree, President Cardenas had ordered "firearms checked at home, bars and establishments closed." And then a deep silence had descended on the nation. It was like the peace that comes before a storm.

Rat-a-tat-tat — rat-a-tat-tat — rat-a-tat-tat—

And all of Mexico knew it had begun. And before 1940 is out all of the Americas will know it too.

July 7 broke clear and calm. Voting booths established throughout the capital city did an unusually quiet business until noon.

But before then reports began drifting in that all was not well south of Moctezuma. Too many gents wearing swastikas and tiny eagles on the lapels of their coats were seen circulating through town. Too many gatherings of the soapbox order. Too many green ribbons in buttonholes.

Exactly where it all began no one knows, for it came like the proverbial tornado. At the juncture of Avenue Juarez and Avenue Insurgentes a crowd was forming. Trucks, moving vans, and cars disgorged their human cargoes. Guns were being passed around—some of them machine guns—mostly Lugers and Krupps.

Secret police and city detectives flashed word back to headquarters. Police wagons went screaming through the chestnut-shaded avenues. Somehow the law and the lawless managed to come together at about the same time. Shots spat out; guns barked. The show was on.

It was over as quick as it had begun—this first flurry. And then the second wave broke. Screeching around corners of Avenues Hidalgo and Alvarado came a procession of fast-moving limousines. Their wind-

Danger at our door!—A firsthand survey of startling things below the Rio Grande

shields were plastered with Alamazan signs. From every window guns pointed out.

Reaching the Paseo, they opened fire. Scores bit the dust. Shots went wild. I saw a man two stories up in an office building reel over the side of the railing and fall headlong into the street. A little child picking something out of the gutter spurted blood through its dress.

Throughout Mexico July 7 was a day to be remembered. Voting booths were wrecked. The death list rose to hundreds; thousands were injured.

And everywhere one sign stood out: The ammunition used was not made in the Americas—at least, most of it wasn't.

NOW, Cardenas hasn't much use for gringos, as we Americans are less affectionately called south of the border. But he is thoroughly scared of the Little Corporal across the Atlantic, and he bends over backward in his official friendship for the government of the United States.

By Mexican law, he cannot succeed himself as President unless he decrees that a state of emergency exists. He has therefore let it be understood he favored Camacho to succeed him instead of Alamazan, his more conservative army friend. Alamazan, a good Catholic, has the backing of the Church, of many of the women, and of a heterogeneous group which endorses Fascism, Nazism, and other forms of considered law and order. Into his camp come the younger college element—the type that admires Hitler because of his wartime prowess and does not take into consideration any of his shortcomings, his greed, or his inhumanity.

Throughout Mexico this summer I heard the same thing praised. "Nothing succeeds like success," I was told. "The Nazis must be right, or how else could they so quickly conquer? The rest of Europe has grown soft and decadent. Democracy is antiquated." And other phrases like that.

I don't know how many Nazi propagandists there are in Mexico, and I would be one to cut in half most estimates; but I do know there are enough there to do a job so thoroughly that little we can do will prevent the growth of this psychology. Most Mexicans today will tell you the United States has failed as completely as have England and France. Simultaneously they will assure you Mexico has been downtrodden enough. The "Colossus of the North," as the United States is often called, needs a lesson from her little brother down south, and some one of these days, by gosh, they are going to teach us!

If the Nazis want bases in Mexico to carry on their experiments in the Americas, why shouldn't they have them? They are an aggressive race, these 1940 Germans, and Latins warm up to them a lot faster than they do to us wishy-washy people on the other side of the Rio Grande.

But it isn't a case of wanting bases. It has gone farther than that. They have the bases now. All they need are the planes and the equipment and personnel to man them. And they'll have that soon, too, if Cardenas cannot keep Camacho in power.

Take down the old atlas. Turn it over to the map of Mexico. Note the proximity of the Yucatán to our major Gulf cities. By modern German bombing plane, Houston, Galveston, New Orleans, Tallahassee, Tampa, and Key West are but two hours from Itza and Uxmal, where there are, as I write these lines, seventeen modern airports and in excess of fifty up-to-date gun emplacements. Late in June this year I saw twelve all-metal planes in what appeared to be jungle air bases in this region. These planes had swastikas painted on their ailerons. Their pilots were German youths with shaven heads. At night youths from the district were put through the manual of arms.

In Querétaro and Guadalajara, as well as in several other towns on the Central Mexican plateau, there are twenty-six "private" airports, on former haciendas, now leased out to citizens of German or Italian birth. Two "factories" for the building of planes are located within the very heart of the city of Guadalajara itself. The ships turned out here are said to be for pleasure purposes only; but workmen in the neighborhood will tell you this is erroneous. American airlines fly from these cities to the Texas border in less than an hour and three quarters. After dusk hundreds of young people do squads right.

THERE are some Mexicans who believe the United States may one day invade them to protect its interests there. They will tell you that if this time ever comes they will be ready to repulse us.

"We have several thousand young people in secret training right now," a youth told me. "We are building up the finest bunch of sharpshooters you ever saw. Behind them we'll have gun emplacements on which to mount heavy artillery. We will have the men and the equipment to meet yours."

"Who is training you?" I asked.

"We are being trained by expert Nazi riflemen," my informant replied. "We drill at night, out on the desert or in quiet canyons away from the rest of the town."

"What uniforms do you use?"

"Uniforms don't make the man. We carry emblems like this one," the youth said, pointing proudly at his swastika with outstretched eagle imposed. "Or we wear little green and gray ribbons in our buttonholes. We have secret handshakes, secret codes, secret meeting places. Almost every young person I know belongs."

"How do you prevent your government from finding out about your organization and disbanding it?"

"Some government officials know all about it and approve. In fact, they belong too. They safeguard us from the others who don't know."

"When do you expect to assert yourselves?" was my next question.

"Well, that all depends," said my young informant. "If General Alamazan isn't elected, we'll bide our time. You know, they officially count the votes in August, and name the new President when Congress convenes in September."

"But Alamazan has said he will elect his own Congress if he thinks the Cardenas government has been unfair to him by then," I said.

"And that's just the time we will back him up," the young man replied, a gleam in his eyes. "We'll be ready then to fight it out with the government regulars. We'll be well trained; have plenty of ammunition supplied to us by the country which will by then have won the European war, and be in a position to assert our rights. Furthermore, the United States won't dare to intervene, because they will know by then how well trained we are."

"I hope you're wrong," I said, "because I detest bloodshed."

"That's because, like other dwellers in democracies, you've become soft and pliable. If you had joined the Horst Wessel League, you would understand that only the strong survive, only the strong shall live."

Practically every young person I met in Mexico felt the same as this one did. Hitler's propaganda had already done its dirty groundwork.

What's more, many young Americans attending summer school in Guadalajara, in Mexico City, in Cuanavaca, and in Oaxaca felt likewise. I talked with two pretty young misses from Orlando, Florida, members of the Nazi Women's Youth movement in Mexico.

"How come you two could ever think of joining such an undemocratic organization?" I asked incredulously.

"Democracy has failed," one of them replied. "Only the weak perish. The strong will live on. I want to live. Don't you know that the American way of life, up to now, has been a rank failure? Don't you know that only through much bitterness can any nation rise to the top and keep its place in the sun?"

FOR her own misguided self's sake, I am keeping this young woman's name to myself; but if I find her acting obstreperous when she reaches Orlando at the beginning of the fall semester, I shall hand her name over to our immigration authorities. She, unfortunately, is but one of a group of teachers from all sections of the United States who visited Mexico this summer, and many of whom returned home with these ideas in mind. If allowed to permeate classrooms with them, Nazi propagandists will have accomplished even more than they set out to do.

I saw them do it in Danzig a year ago, I saw them try it out in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, France.

"Nothing succeeds like success" is their byword. And if we don't forcibly stamp it out, they'll be spreading it in the United States too.

THE END

You Don't Understand Love

BY FRANCIS M. COCKRELL

A story real as life—of youth vs. wisdom, and a hoofer's helpless heart

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE young man wore a gray tweed jacket, checked and somewhat fuzzy, which had cost seventy-five dollars, gray flannel slacks from the same tailor, and brown suède shoes.

As he paid the taxi driver, a colored bellboy came into the bright clear sunlight to pick up the two suitcases of lovely yellow leather and take them into the Lion, Hendersonville's best hotel; eight floors, with an air-conditioned lobby and dining room.

The young man followed the bellboy in and to the desk, where he registered for a room with shower bath and signed the card "Eddie Haynes."

He was not unusually tall, but the way he stood gave the impression he was, and the way he moved the impression that his legs were longer than they were. There was a suggestion too, somehow, of a sort of balanced energy within him; that he could, if he wanted to, move swiftly and accurately in any direction at any time. He was slender, and though his shoulders were not heavy, nor as broad as his jacket made them seem, they were good, of the high, square sort, and gave him a good figure. His hair was straw-colored and his face angular, rather bony, with deep-set blue eyes which had a somber look.

When the bellboy had come back with the ice and soda, eagerly accepted an offered drink, praised it mightily, and departed with a fifty-cent tip, Eddie Haynes finished his unpacking. After that he sat on the bed for a few minutes, smoking, and stood at the window awhile, looking out. Then he picked up the telephone book.

Randolph, Judge Meade V., r. 2139 Overhill Dr. . . . 3419.

He closed the book and lit a cigarette and moved around the room. Again at the window, he gazed down at people getting off a little yellow streetcar on the one-track car line.

I might just go on out there . . . ring the doorbell. But I ought to call her first, I guess. She might not be home. Or something. I guess I'll have a drink. I guess I'll have a drink and get some lunch and call her then. Jeepers, it's hot!

It was two o'clock when he got back to his room. He took off his coat and loosened his tie and poured a drink of ice water.

If I hang around this hamlet long I'll have to get me some of those linen suits like the natives wear. But it won't be long. Just see her once, talk to her, see what she looks like. Get it out of my head.

Jeepers, if I can't get her out for three years you'd think I could remember what she looks like—instead of just parts: just her hair, the way it curves on her neck, and her hands folded, and her mouth smiling, and that kind of stuff. You'd think I could put them together!

I might as well go on and call her. I didn't make this burg to wear out a hotel rug, that's a cinch. Not at these temperatures.

With a drink beside him he looked up the number again and gave it to the switchboard girl.

SOUTH and to higher ground the taxi took him, past the campus of a college, its old buildings half among old trees, where a few students dotted the walks; through streets where the houses were widely spaced, with deep green lawns about them; then into Overhill Drive, from which to the right you could see the town, sleepy and hot-looking, down below.

The taxi stopped and Eddie Haynes got out, and when it had gone on he stood a moment at the curb, facing the white house set far back in smooth lawn. There were green shutters and four columns across the front and a wide porch around one side. It looked cool and also, in a way, at ease. He started toward it.

It looks O. K. . . . plenty big, anyhow. Kind of sleepy-looking, like the town. I guess it's pretty old.

She's standing in the door. I guess it's her. I can't see her face good yet, but I guess it is.

Katherine Randolph came onto the porch as Eddie Haynes came up its steps. She was tall and quite slender, with black hair and dark eyes set wide apart, and with a way of moving which was controlled and graceful. She wore a white shirt open at the throat, white riding breeches, and boots that were a deep mahogany color, scuffed here and there and much wrinkled at the ankles.

She was smiling and holding out her hand.

"Eddie. Isn't this nice!"

He was grinning. "*I* like it," he said. "Gee, you're looking swell, kid. It's great to see you. No fooling."

He followed her into the house, which was dim after the brightness of the sunlight. The floor of the hall was dark, as was that of the long room on the right into which they went. There was a big fireplace with iron andirons, and a marble mantel and a big round mirror over it. The furniture was dark, old, and graceful, with a glow to its wood rather than a shine, and the rug was a somber red and blue, with here and there a thin space in its nap.

"Well!" she said. She sat down and indicated the other end of the sofa to him. "Account for yourself. What's this you were saying about Hollywood on the phone?"

"I got a contract for a pitcher, is all," he said. "I just got a routine they liked."

"But that's wonderful!" she said. "Why, you'll probably turn out to be a find, and every time you go any place women will tear your clothes off. That sort of young but grim look you get sometimes—I'll bet it paralyzes them."

He grinned briefly. "I'll tell 'em what you said," he answered with his voice.

There she is—sitting there on one end of a sofa—and I'm here on the other, talking to her. It's kind of screwy. . . . Jeepers, you never know what you're gonna be doing. What makes people do things? . . . Well, this is how she looks. She's all right, too. Better than that; she's a damn swell-looking number. Anywhere. And there's plenty of those. It's different someway. It's not the way I remember . . . the way I would if I could remember. . . .

"I have a date to ride at three thirty," Kay Randolph said. "Want to come along?"

"What? Oh, you mean horses. I better skip that. Only thing I ever had to do with a horse—a cop's sort of bit me once."

She laughed. "Maybe you had. How long can you stay?"

"Well, I—I'm not sure yet. A day or so, maybe."

"There's a dance at the club you could take me to tonight," she said. "Does that sound too dull? There'll be a good orchestra, down from St. Francis."

"It sounds fine," he said. "It sounds great, baby."

She smiled a little. "I haven't heard that since . . ." She was silent a moment. Then: "I thought we might go swimming afterward."

For nearly a minute his eyes held on her face before he answered, but her expression did not change. "Fine," he said. "That'll be . . . fine."

EDDIE HAYNES rented a car that afternoon, a roadster, and bought a light blue linen suit.

Course I'll probably just be here another day. I'll say I got a telegram. But I can pay eighteen bucks to be cool a day if I want to.

At seven thirty he was dressed: white dinner jacket with shawl collar, wine-red tie, and a wine-red cummerbund that made his waist look very slim. After that, in the billiard parlor in the basement of the hotel, he played pool with the house man until quarter of nine.

At nine, when he rang the bell, a Negro butler in a black alpaca coat came padding down the hall to let him in, and show him, with four separate bows, into the long living room.

A man was crossing the room with his hand held out; a tall, slender man

"Don't . . . don't let's talk," she said. "Just hold me this way for a little more."

in white linen, loose fitting and slightly wrinkled. He had a thin pale face, black eyes, and black eyebrows, and thick hair that was almost white.

"I'm Katherine's father. I don't think we met, but I remember you, of course." He was smiling as they shook hands.

Eddie Haynes said, "Yes, sir—that summer. I remember seeing you. How are you, sir . . . judge?"

"Well, thank you. I advise you to come in and sit down," he said with another little smile. "I can't promise when Katherine will be ready."

PAPER lanterns were strung above the large paved terrace on the south side of the clubhouse; under their soft light, tables had been placed around its edge; below it the water of the swimming pool was clear and green; a huge round moon hung partway up the sky.

There were about fifty couples and half that many stags; young mostly, still in college, or just getting out, or just married. The girls wore evening dresses, white and flowered and gay pale colors, and the men wore white linens and tropicals.

Kay Randolph and Eddie Haynes were at a table with two other couples, friends of hers, and during an intermission a pert blonde child who chattered incessantly and a scrubbed-looking pink-faced lad who said nothing joined them.

The orchestra, in white dinner jackets and wine-red ties, came back and were taking their places.

"Do you like swing?" the blonde child asked. "Everybody at school is collecting symphonies now. Imagine! I've got six Strauss waltzes." She looked at Eddie wide-eyed. "Don't you have to go?"

"Go where?" Eddie said.

"Don't you have to play? Aren't you in the orchestra?"

Eddie laughed. "Not me, sugar. I'm strictly Johnny-one-note."

She laughed. "And I thought you were with the orchestra. Imagine!"

The drums were rolling. The leader moved out in front of the band. "Ladies and gentlemen! It happens that we have with us tonight a young man who . . ."

Eddie Haynes took the cigarette he had just lighted from his lips and ground it out in an ash tray.

The lunk! I told him not to. This ain't a night club. Anyhow, this floor. . . .

"I give you Eddie Haynes! Stand up, Eddie."

Eddie Haynes stood up and smiled and bowed to the polite applause.

"How about a number for us now? Just one."

Still smiling, he crossed the floor.

Eddie Haynes was dancing. And the place grew quiet until there was no sound but the soft background of the music and the slap and shuffle of his feet against the floor.

Easy it was — dreamy, almost sleepy. Twist and turn and whirl, sway and bend and lean, part of the music, but more than it, and all of him part of the dance. Slap, slap, shuffle, slide. Sometimes his feet flickered too swiftly for the eye to follow, but always it was easy, smooth, as if it were so much fun.

Jeepers, this floor is a crime . . . the stupid lunk. . . . Perform and you're showing off, don't and you're a stuck-up heel. . . . Oh, well, Kay'll get a kick out of it.

THEY were sitting at the edge of the pool. Only a handful of people had come swimming after the dance, and the last of these, the blonde child and her Martin, were going up the steps to the clubhouse now.

Kay Randolph sat with her chin on her knees, her arms around her legs. The moon was cool silver now, at the top of the sky, almost above them.

"It's nice," she said. "So cool and quiet."

"Yeah, it's swell."

After a moment: "It's almost like . . . Lake Manatwoc, isn't it? If all that was water out there, all still and shiny, and the moon lying in it." She leaned back a little and pale light bathed her face. "That was a nice summer," she said dreamily.

There was a little space of silence, and she went on looking upward to the moon. Eddie Haynes said, "Yeah . . . it was. . . ." And then he stopped and sat still and looked at her.

Oh. Oh! It's . . . oh, Lordy, there it is. . . . Oh, baby, just go on and look like that. Sit there and look like that . . . that way her eyes look out in front of her, like they could see so far . . . the way her lips just almost curve, like she was thinking of a smile and didn't have to smile it. . . . That's it, that's all of it, and that's the way she is. . . . Don't change, baby, don't ever change. Just always stay near by and look like that sometimes, and be the way you are. . . . That's all you have to do . . . that's all . . .

He touched her shoulder, and she turned her head a little and saw his face and moved to come within his arms. Her hands slid over his bare shoulders to his back, and rested there, quietly and tightly.

"Don't move. Just stay like this. Oh, baby, I don't ever want to let you go. You hear? I never do."

She didn't move. Her face was pressed against his shoulder. "I don't want you to." Her voice was barely audible. "That's the trouble . . . I don't ever want you to."

"Baby," he whispered, "you know what I'm saying. Ever since that summer—I thought it'd go away, but it didn't. Sometimes it was so bad . . ." His arms tightened around her and he was silent for a moment. "I thought I was nuts. I thought I'd come by and see you, and it would be different, and I'd see I was nuts, and then I'd be all right and I wouldn't be thinking about you all the time. But it's not. It's the same, only worse. It's . . . it's just you. . . . There isn't anybody else . . . there never was. There won't be. Ah, you know what I'm saying, baby, you know what it is. Will you? Will you marry me?"

For a long space she did not answer, and then she raised her head and looked at him, with her hands on his shoulders. Her eyes seemed very large and dark in the moonlight, and they were troubled.

The muscles of his face grew slowly tight. "Don't you—love me?"

"I—oh, yes! I do! I know I do."

With a little indrawn breath, he held her to him once again. "Ah, baby, you had me scared there for a minute. You had me dying. But it's O. K. It's O. K. now."

"Don't . . . don't let's talk," she said. "Don't say anything. Just hold me this way a little more."

HE came into his room and turned on the light and stood a moment as if in a place he had never been before. He mixed himself a highball absently with soda that was flat and warm.

He looked at himself in the mirror uncertainly, gravely.

So you're gonna get married. A smart guy that knows the answers and where he's going . . . how to get there. No time for dames. Now you're gonna get married. You go swimming a few times with a gal from the sticks, and you're hooked.

So I'm hooked. All right, so what? I like it, don't I? I didn't have to ask her. What if she is kinda quiet? What if she maybe don't know the score? I don't care.

If she ain't got much savvy, what can you expect, living in a hamlet like this with rummies like these babies? She'll be all right. It's nobody's business but mine, is it? I don't have to marry somebody in show business. You'll be O. K., baby. Don't worry, baby doll. You're swell-looking, too. Just wait'll I start helping you buy clothes. Ah, you'll make 'em look crummy.

It's gonna be all right. If they don't like you, I don't care. Nuts with 'em! You're my wife. Not anybody else's. You're what counts, that's all. Just you, baby. Ah, baby, you're so . . . so sweet . . . so sweet.

EDDIE HAYNES came back from lunch and sat in his room again. He read Variety a little while and stood looking down at the street.

If she's gonna call me, why don't she go on and do it? Jeepers, I'll get the whoops and jingles just sitting here. She coulda called me by now. I don't see . . .

"I'll be downstairs playing pool. If a phone call comes send a boy down. And don't miss. Get me?"

It was four o'clock when the bellboy came. Eddie Haynes took the call in a booth.

"Baby! How are you? Jeepers, you took long enough. . . . That's O. K. Forget it. I was just worried maybe you were—I don't know. . . . Yeah, sure. . . . Sure. . . . O. K." . . .

It was eight thirty when he came onto the porch. He turned the handle of the bell and it rang, and Judge Randolph came from the living room and greeted him and asked him in.

There was a cut-glass decanter on the table by the sofa, with ice and glasses and siphon. Judge Randolph paused by them.

"I was about to have a highball. Won't you join me?"

"Yeah, sure. Thanks."

"It's a nice evening," Judge Randolph said. "Cooler, I think."

"Yeah, it is. It's swell." He took the glass Judge Randolph handed him. "Thanks. This is fine."

He sat on one end of the sofa, and Judge Randolph took a low chair near him, by a little table, and took out his tobacco pouch and filled his pipe carefully and slowly, looking at it as he did.

"Katherine," he said, "Katherine tells me you have asked her to marry you."

Eddie Haynes jerked upright and said, "What? She—I mean—oh! Uh—yes, sir. I . . . did."

"Tell me a little about yourself," Judge Randolph said. He smiled. "You can see how I might be interested."

"Gee, yeah," Eddie said, grinning. "You ought to. I mean—well, sure. Only"—he gave a little shrug—"only there don't seem much to tell."

Judge Randolph smiled. "Suppose I ask you questions, then?" he said, and Eddie Haynes said, "Sure. Sure, judge, anything."

He had grown up in Jersey City and gone to school there, all but the last year of high school. His old man died then. Mom had died when he was just a kid. . . . Well, he had a brother older than he was, but he . . . never was much good.

He didn't know how he had decided to be a dancer. He just . . . did it. He'd always wanted to. Yeah, he guessed maybe it had been kind of tough breaking in. That summer up at Lake Manatwoc he was working for ten bucks a week and cakes. But he never thought much about it; he never minded much.

AMUSEMENTS? Well, he just worked, mostly; practiced and tried to work out new stuff. He grinned. "I guess I'm just a hoofer at heart." He thought a moment. "Sometimes I shoot a little pool," he said.

Well, no, he didn't read so . . . so much. Just Variety, he guessed, and—and stuff about dancing. Music? Well . . . Gershwin. Some of his stuff was swell. And Raymond Scott sometimes.

"You don't care for—well, say, Bach or Liszt? . . . Rimsky-Korsakov, perhaps? . . . Or Strauss?"

"I—I guess not. I went to a symphony concert once by—by one of those guys. Only"— Eddie shifted on the sofa—"I don't know. It—it didn't get me." After a second he added, "I don't have much time."

Judge Randolph smiled. "Frankly," he said, "a good deal of it doesn't get me, either. But Katherine . . ." He paused, staring absently at the fireplace, and for several moments there was silence while he sucked on his pipe, which had gone out.

"Katherine has asked my advice," Judge Randolph said at length, still looking at the fireplace, "and I think, Eddie, that I must advise her not to marry you."

Eddie Haynes sat perfectly still, staring at him. Twice he started to speak before he brought forth words.

"What? I mean . . . what, judge?"

"I am afraid," Judge Randolph said, "that she would not be happy for very long."

"But, judge, it'd be all right," Eddie said. "I—I'm doing fine now. Honest. I—I'm going on up, too. I can take care of her all right. I'll take *good* care, judge."

"It isn't that. I think you would.

FRANCIS M. COCKRELL

born on Christmas Day, 1906, in Warrensburg, Missouri, went to school spasmodically and then to Tulane and Columbia Universities. He has been a farmer but prefers writing fiction, and now gives all his time to it.

It's that you're too different. You see . . . you'd have no mediums through which to enjoy each other . . . for very long."

"But—but, I don't see. . . . I mean . . ." Wrinkles drew themselves across his brow; he made a little aimless gesture with one hand. "I mean—I—I ain't a bad guy, judge. Honest. I—I pay my debts and—and I don't forget my friends and . . ." He fell silent. "I never had anything to do with da—with girls," he said. "There wasn't ever anybody but . . . her. Ever since . . ."

"I rather expect," Judge Randolph said, "that you're a . . . pretty good guy, Eddie. But you and Katherine . . . start too far apart. In what you like to do and see and hear and wear, in what you've known and done, in what you've been—in what you *are* inside. . . . You see?"

"You mean like—well, like music and reading books and—and like, for instance, this blue suit and my white tux last night?"

"That's partly it," Judge Randolph nodded. "Externally."

"But that stuff," Eddie said anxiously, "I mean like music and all—I could learn it, judge. I mean, take Astaire and—and lots of guys in show business. They know that kind of stuff. Gee, judge, I could learn. And clothes—I mean, they wear 'em on Broadway, but I don't care. If—if Kay—anything she—" He ran a hand through his hair and the beginning of fear came into his voice. "Ah, I could do it, judge! Honest. I—I'd try like hell, judge. So hard. And—and I'm so nuts about her, and she—don't *that* count for anything? Gee, judge, you can't just—"

THEY stood on the porch, in the dark, near the steps. She stood close against him, and her arms were tight around his neck, her face pressed close against his coat. She was crying.

"Don't, Eddie. Don't, hear? He's right. It wouldn't work. I—"

"It would!" he whispered frantically. "I'll *make* it work. Honest, I will. I'll do anything you say. I'll quit hoofing. I'll—ah, baby doll, don't be this way. I can't take it, baby, I can't *take* it!"

"I know. I know. But it's better now than—than later on. After. It's better than . . . than . . ."

HE stopped in the lobby and paid his bill and asked when the next train west would leave. The clerk said five o'clock. "You've got six hours to wait," he said.

Eddie Haynes said, "Six hours," and went to the elevator and rode up to his floor.

He came into his room and turned on the light and sat down on the bed. He sat there about five minutes. He got up and went to the dresser and stared into the mirror without recognition. He poured three inches of whisky into a glass and drank it mechanically.

Why? . . . Why? I—I ain't a bad guy. I would've taken good care of her. I'm going up. It's nuts, I tell you; it's all nuts!

You don't understand, baby. I'm nuts about you, don't you see? There never was anybody else. Just you. You see, baby, I love you. You don't understand.

Six hours. He said six hours. I'll have a drink; I don't feel that other one. It'll make the time pass.

I don't see why. Her old man did it. Blast him, he made her do it. He didn't have to. Why couldn't he . . . Ah, baby, I love you so much. You see, that's the trouble. I love you!

I couldn't remember her, and now I can. I can see her just as plain. I can see her face. It wasn't so bad when I couldn't see it clear.

But it'll go away. Yeah, and it'll come back, too. It'll keep on coming back. If I hadn't come . . . I shouldn't ever have come . . .

Ah, what the hell! What's the matter with me? If she can't . . . I don't care . . . I got along this far. . . . I'll be all right.

A year from now I won't think about her . . . hardly at all. Two years. A little time. That's all. A little time. I won't feel like this always.

Ah, what good does that do? What good does two years do me now? It's now I feel like this. . . . It's now . . . now. . . . Ah, baby doll . . .

He was sitting in a chair by the window, inert, staring out with blank, unblinking eyes, with tears running slowly down his cheeks.

THE END

For every parent . . An experienced teacher speaks revealingly of a much-debated problem

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

AT a teachers' meeting recently I heard a prominent educator declare that, in an ideal situation, the role of parents would be confined to begetting children and rearing them until the age of three, that all further training of the child would be in the hands of experts in the schools.

This, I admit, is a rather extreme view, even for a professional educator; yet, in my fifteen years of teaching in public high schools, I've noted an alarming tendency of the schools to usurp, unbidden, the privileges of parenthood. I've seen table manners, health habits, "respect for parents," obedience, honesty, unselfishness, and all the other common virtues taught by a bewildered teacher trained in mathematics. I've tried to teach these ideals myself, under the guise of "guidance"—a magic word in modern pedagogy. Given a teacher, a textbook, and a pupil, school administrators consider that—presto!—learning will take place. Any subject under heaven, no matter how intangible or what its emotional ramifications, can be taught during school hours. And, conversely, a parent, no matter how thoughtful or wise, cannot possibly do better than turn over to the schools the biological entity known as a child. Just feed him, clothe him, get him to school on time; the teachers will do the rest.

Some of the modern educators' ideas are harmless enough. But when they propose to introduce sex education into the public schools, when they brazenly assume omnipotence in all fields of emotion as well as knowledge, I cannot refrain from protesting against their unimaginative blundering.

The entire movement for sex education in the schools seems to be based upon the naïve belief that sexual delinquency is due in every case to ignorance of the consequences of trifling with the most potent force in human nature. The crusaders—well meaning enough—reach dangerous conclusions by oversimplification of an extremely complex problem. They quote statistics to prove that there is an alarming amount of sexual delinquency among boys and girls of high-school age or even younger. They tell us that from a certain junior high school in New York City an average of two girls every month go to homes for unmarried mothers; that, of some 80,000 illegitimate children born throughout the country last year, almost one half were born to girls between the ages of fifteen and nineteen—girls of high-school age; that rape (apparently due in some way to sexual ignorance) and venereal diseases are prevalent and increasing among the young.

I have no reason to doubt these facts; indeed, I can add examples from firsthand knowledge of my own school. There is Mary, pretty and fifteen, who could not select the father of her unborn child from six boys she named; and Evelyn, who served the football team in a certain capacity; and Carl, agent for a group of girls—all from my school—who worked in a house of prostitution after school hours.

What do these statistics, these deplorable cases show? Do they *prove* that there is a need for sex education in the schools, for enlightenment as to the facts of life? I flatly refuse to admit that they do. They prove merely that, among millions of high-school youngsters, there are some who lack a proper sense of moral values, of personal restraint. In no case from my school—and I've known of dozens—*was the offender ignorant of the consequences of the sexual act.*

To explain to them, in a formal course of study, the facts of life and the punishments society has set up for transgressors who get caught, would be about as effective as it would be to explain to John, an incurable thief recently expelled, that stealing was wrong and punishable by law. To maintain that information as to consequences will act as a deterrent is simply childish. They know where babies come from.

What would the sex educators recommend in the case of Evelyn, mentioned above? She is a bright child who "knows all the answers," yet she went her merry way with the football team regardless. If the educators could only bring themselves to admit that knowledge, after all, is hardly sufficient incentive to right doing, then, I suppose, the logical solution for Evelyn would be a birth-control clinic operated in connection with the school. I doubt if even the most radical crusader would go that far.

Granted—and I hesitate to grant even this much—that an occasional boy or girl might be saved from disgrace and ruin by being taught in school the facts concerning venereal diseases and childbirth, it would come at a cost far too high when measured in terms of harmful effects upon normal boys and girls. I can see no justification for the tremendous risks involved in a doubtful attempt to frighten a few students into virtue.

Why these risks? Because, to put it simply, the subject of sex offers more pitfalls, more opportunity for irreparable damage, than any other subject that could be named.

Sex education—as our friends do not seem to realize—is more than a mere matter of applied biology. Far more important than the acquiring of physical facts is the deeply psychic experience which attends the child's learning of these facts. Biological information is concrete, tangible, but it cannot be taught like an irregular verb or the multiplication table. It is intensely personal, charged with potential nutriment for the future emotional life of the child. To ignore his warm emotional education, to let the child learn sex in cold objectivity, is to risk immeasurable confusion.

How can the proponents of sex education think of pupils as containers into which we teachers can pour exactly the right amount of information at exactly the right time? Here, as in no other course, would the psychologist's knowledge of "individual differences" need to be invoked. What Bill needs, Sam can't use. What Ruth needs does not fit the case of Mary.

Take my class in senior English. There are thirty-five individuals ranging from the furtive to the bold, from the thoughtful introvert to the brash extrovert. There are thirty-

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each
Sex?

By
ANN L. CROCKETT

five different emotional and developmental stages, racial, religious, and temperamental differences. There are literally hundreds of sensitive spots and past sex experiences hopelessly beyond my knowledge or control. The sex problem of the thirty-five in front of me is not one problem; there are as many problems as there are boys and girls.

Further, it is a mistake to assume that there is any definite age or grade when sex might begin to be taught. The only appropriate time to begin is when the child makes a comment or asks a question. This may come at five, at ten, or later. Whenever it comes—and it may come again and again—the mother has her chance to begin building a bond of confidence between herself and her child. What chance has a teacher of ascertaining the time when a pupil feels the *need* to know? Would it not be profoundly upsetting to have a cold scientific presentation of sex shoved at a child before he was ready for it?

I'm afraid that the crusaders are not sufficiently realistic to see the greatest mockery of all: the mockery of setting up a program which would have to be carried out, in the last analysis, by emotionally immature spinster schoolteachers and callow young men who are teaching because they can't find a place in industry. If my faculty is typical, I shudder to think of the consequences of a lecture on sex from any of our fifty old maids or dozen timid young men, all of whom might listen themselves with profit.

As a matter of hard unpleasant truth, I'm afraid that we are a pretty sorry lot—underpaid, overworked, and emotionally starved. A recent survey showed some interesting facts about us, most of which we already knew. Only one out of six teachers throughout the country is married (most women teachers can't marry and hold their jobs), and, of those unmarried, one of every three admits that she is unhappy in her spinsterhood. So general are the psychopathic overtones among teachers that, according to this same survey, the chances are seven to one that a given pupil will have, in his twelve years of schooling, at least two teachers who are neurotic or downright psychopathic.

Need I point out what emotional twists our public-school children might acquire were they taught the all-important facts of life by random schoolteachers if—as our crusaders insist—sex facts are to be faced wherever they arise, whether in French class or domestic science?

If, on the other hand, sex teaching is to become a specialty, like any other subject, with teachers trained to handle the work, I shudder even more at the thought of those who would naturally and inevitably be attracted to the work. It is not fair, of course, to indict a profession before it is established; yet I fear that sex teachers would be recruited from the ranks of incompetent dregs from other fields, or, worse, from the queer, the prurient-minded cranks who show in graduate school a deep interest in sexology. In either case, they would receive their training from mental hygienists and educational guidance "experts," both rejected stepsons of all reputable psychologists. To put it mildly, I can see little prospect of the public schools ever being able to employ the paragons of wisdom, tact, and understanding that the job would require.

My point of view—the teacher's—is shared by the Teachers Alliance of New York City, the largest local teachers' organization in the country. In a recent report the Alliance declares that a program of sex education is wholly inadvisable, that it involves pedagogical complexities that are insurmountable.

If sex education does not belong in the schools, where should it be taught? Mrs. Frances Bruce Strain, noted writer and lecturer on preparation for marriage and family relationships, gives a clear-cut answer more remarkable for its sense than novelty. In advising parents how to teach sex, she emphasizes, "In all this provision for your child's understanding, one thing we counsel against. It is the choice of another person—friend, nurse, minister, or doctor—to take your place. A scientific background is not enough."

The parent is the only one close enough to the child to understand him. The parent has countless opportunities to enrich the parent-child relationship by presenting the facts of mating and birth as a happy fulfillment shared by mother and father. It is not so simple as it sounds; indeed, it is often so difficult that parents, through embarrassment or lack of confidence or sheer unwillingness to face the barrage of questions that the subject invites, neglect to do it at all. Nevertheless, that they believe sex education should remain their rightful duty is clearly shown in a recent nation-wide survey; 88 per cent of the parents questioned wanted moral and sex instruction to remain in the home.

I do not profess to be wise enough to point a clear way to parents, or to offer any solution to the age-old problem which every generation must muddle through; but I can call attention to a way in which our schools can help. *They can help by helping the parents.* If parents feel what they want to give their children, but lack the talent for formulating it, the schools can give them information in a suitable form. Let me cite one example.

At the request of a committee of mothers, the superintendent of schools in a neighboring town formulated a plan with such notable success that it has been copied, within two years, by six surrounding towns. The superintendent arranged a meeting of the parent-teachers association and invited a physician and two ministers to attend. Problems of sex education *in the home* were discussed freely and frankly, and, as a consequence of this one meeting, large groups of mothers now meet regularly to study and discuss the perplexities confronting them and their children. Teachers are invited to explain specific biological and hygienic problems, doctors to present facts about venereal diseases, and ministers to help articulate constructive motives for proper sexual conduct.

The stouthearted effort these mothers are making to keep the traditional mothers' privilege out of the hands of old-maid schoolteachers may gather strength enough to halt the reformers who would put sex in the classroom. At least, I have this hope.

To such mothers I say: "All power to you! We teachers will help you where we can, but it's your job."

THE END

HOLLYWOOD HOSTESS

The surprising true chronicle of a screen-villain's wife and a party revolution in filmland

BY FREDERICK L. COLLIN

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HOLLYWOOD does do the most amazing things. A studio recently changed the title of one of its productions from Ode to Liberty to He Stayed for Breakfast. The town also has in its midst Mike Romanoff. But when it comes to the dispensing of charming hospitality, there are plenty of Hollywood people who know what is what.

Both Bennett girls give wonderful parties, and Frances Goldwyn's are the height of good taste. Chaplin has long been famous for his cultural evenings, and the Fairbanks homes, presided over by Mary and Sylvia Fairbanks, always had distinction and grace. And today, since Myrna Loy's marriage to Arthur Hornblow, the most literate and civilized gatherings in all Hollywood are the Hornblows' Sunday afternoons.

And of course no list of Hollywood entertainments that are on the up and up would be complete without mentioning the grand state dinners given by Mrs. Jack Warner in the great Warner mansion, which is a feudal castle complete with everything except Ivanhoe and Robin Hood and a drawbridge and a moat—and when Warner's Mr. Flynn is in town they sometimes have Robin Hood too.

A wise man once said that art, like morality, consists in drawing the line somewhere. He may or may not have meant the art of giving parties; but if he did, Hollywood does not agree with him in the matter of size and elaborateness. And to make the kind of parties they give—often for the worthiest charities—equally successful in other respects requires a tremendous amount of hostess ingenuity.

To bolster the last-named feature, Hollywood imported a world-famous hostess, a sort of professional life of the party—very professional really, since she operates her nation-wide enterprises from a suite on the forty-first floor of the Waldorf Towers, and her international ones, at least her pre-blitzkrieg international ones, from a big studio on top of Paris' Montmartre. And she is equipped to supply for dull-witted hostesses everything imaginable, in the cut-up line, from fat Isolde to three-ring circuses under a tent.

It was a formidable bombing attack, therefore, that this famous good-time girl was prepared to launch on the bewildered and bewildering social life of Hollywood, and it wasn't her fault that the assault turned out to be pretty much of a dud.

But the truth of the matter was that no matter how ingenious or bizarre her ideas might be, Hollywood's own good-time girl, a certain Mrs. Rathbone, had done them or outdone them long before the Eastern bomber hit the Coast.

Mrs. Rathbone is the wife of the screen's most polished villain, Basil Rathbone—and in her own right she is the most successful party giver in Hollywood. Her hospitality had long been famous in her immediate circle before she achieved high visibility as a big-time de luxe model hostess by taking over the celebrated Victor Hugo's Restaurant in Beverly Hills to entertain two hundred and fifty guests in celebration of her and Basil's eleventh wedding anniversary.

Not only was this party a new high in suavity, but it was the harbinger of a new social era for cinema society. When I first began going to parties in the movie colony, the catch-as-catch-can, no-holds-barred Sunday-night buffet was tops in entertainment.

"I hate buffet suppers," one of these early hostesses said, "but I always have to have them. You see, I must invite my most intimate friends—and that's twenty to start with!"

With the growth of the colony, the twenty intimate friends soon grew into a couple of hundred; the informal supper into a subway rush-hour stampede. To accommodate the crowds, the buffet was the natural solution. "Come into the dining room and get your dinner," the hostess would say, and her guests would start a foray on the piled-up goodies.

Now, within the circle of a Hollywood buffet party were often gathered two or three hundred youngsters

from fifteen to twenty-five years of age, many of whose weekly pay checks exceeded those of the President of the United States. Some of them mistook informality for license. The best intentioned hostess found her parties degenerating into crude, noisy, and sometimes sordid affairs. Also, what with the Hollywood hangers-on and the gaping visitors, many a party became a gate crashers' free-for-all.

Ouida Bergere changed all that. By "hiring a hall" and thus giving all her guests the opportunity to assume that right-angle posture conducive to civilized eating, she not only gave Hollywood hospitality suavity and elegance but she was able to limit her guests to those for whom she had provided place cards.

Her parties, starting with that anniversary one at Victor Hugo's, became the talk of the town, of the whole theatrical profession. And she herself became so skilled that she could toss a party that would have done credit to Ward McAllister himself—toss is what one does to a party in Hollywood—as easily as the ordinary mortal flips a coin. She gave one such for the visiting German Tauber, and another, so as to play no ideological favorites, for Artur Rubinstein, visiting Polish pianist, and both were as smoothly conducted as any party given in a Newport villa or Fifth Avenue mansion.

Ouida, who is French, Spanish, and English, never lacks the international touch.

On the Rubinstein occasion, fifty-four guests—including Leopold Stokowski, who was a second guest of honor—sat down to dinner in the Rathbones' own house, the dining-room floor of which had been extended for the occasion out into the garden. On the mirrored surface of the largest of the many tables, as a centerpiece, stood a lucite grand piano and a couple of lucite violins!

"From the piano," wrote one observer, "stemmed lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots. Scattered about were Dubonnet flowers. Place cards were one continuous scroll of silvery gray material inscribed with the names in Dubonnet lettering. Between the names ran the score of the Polonaise, also in Dubonnet. . . .

"A vast Dubonnet rug covered the floor from end to end. Silver lamé flashed on the walls. Just below the ceiling ran a three-foot-wide frieze of cellophane, scored with the black notes of the Polonaise, which the Warsaw radio used to play at hourly intervals during the siege of the doomed city. Over the fireplace flamed a red cellophane banner inscribed with this sentiment: '*The world of music knows no boundaries.*'"

That gives you an idea of Mrs. Rathbone's parties.

Now for an idea of Mrs. Rathbone herself.

Ouida Bergere—that was her name before she married Basil—and her entertainments are, therefore, inevitably referred to as Folies Bergere—is a small, vital, red-headed girl. Her big brown eyes, which are her best feature, are perfectly spaced above a delightfully retroussé nose and generous smiling mouth.

When I first met Ouida, she was an actors' agent in New York City. Before that she had been an actress, and a successful one too, until something happened to her windpipe which led her into the business of selling other actresses and actors to directors and producers.

She married a then ascendant motion-picture director, the late George Fitzmaurice, and with him lived an active social life in many of the capitals of the world—and subsequently an even more active life in Hollywood as the scenarist of her husband's most successful pictures.

By the time Basil came along, Ouida was earning what was then top salary for Hollywood writers, a thousand dollars a week.

This she gave up to marry the young South African-born Englishman who was just beginning to make his way in the New York theater.

The first thing Ouida did for her new husband was to free him from what he describes as "a blighty inferiority complex." The second thing was to use her old agent's technique to get stage and movie producers to recognize his abilities, give him better parts, and pay him higher and higher salaries.

Ouida had always made money herself. Shy, dreamy Basil had never cared. Now the Rathbones, as a team, with Basil doing the acting and Ouida the guiding, jumped into the higher financial brackets.

"Everything I have achieved, everything I may be today or hope for tomorrow," says Rathbone, "I owe to my wife."

One thing that Basil unquestionably owes to his wife is a vivid exciting life in which there are some quiet moments but no dull ones. Before meeting Ouida he loathed parties, especially Hollywood parties. Now he is a part of the greatest party-giving team west of the Mississippi, and liking it.

"Ouida does all the work," he says, in explanation of this changing of his spots. "I come to my own parties as a guest."

And of course there is this: the Rathbones aren't giving parties every night. Basil says they spend three hundred out of every three hundred and sixty-five evenings in their own home. They are never wholly alone, though, for the resident garrison includes seven dogs, two cats, and two canaries.

The parties already mentioned were mere warming-up exercises for the really big entertainments Ouida has staged in behalf of the movietown charities. One of these, given in the spring of 1939, was dubbed by Hollywood columnist Ed Sullivan "Bagdad-on-the-Pacific."

"Arc lights, clusters of them, outlined the huge brown circus tent, big enough for a Ringling Circus performance," he wrote. "Twin dance floors occupied the main part of the tented interior. . . . The acres of tables started filling with formally dressed women and their escorts. . . . Before the evening was over the caterers had served over eight hundred dinners . . . the charity had netted $7,000. . . . At seven thirty the exhausted Mrs. Rathbone saw the last of the eight hundred to their cars. . . . If the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences doesn't strike off a medal in her honor, there's no justice."

Last December's Charity Ball in the Beverly Hills Hotel was on an even grander scale than the party just described, although the result was somewhat less felicitous, since at the last moment the Alpine scene in the hotel garden, with real snow imported from the Santa Madras, was obliterated by that calamity which is supposed never to happen in California: a rainstorm.

What California calls a "high fog" had also done its best to spoil Ouida's Rubinstein-Stokowski affair, and since the inclement weather was commented on frequently throughout the country, especially in Florida, the California Chamber of Commerce is said to be thinking of getting out an injunction against further Ouida Rathbone parties on account of their giving the state a bad name.

Otherwise local sentiment is unanimous in favor of Ouida's continuing to play Hollywood hostess for the duration of the social wars!

THE END

Upper left: Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone. Below, from left to right: Ouida Rathbone, R. S. Luro, Loretta Young, Felix Fairy, Mrs. Fredric March, Fredric March, Basil Rathbone at the Rathbone eleventh-anniversary party at Victor Hugo's restaurant.

PENDERGAST IS FREE

An inside story of Kansas City after the clean-up—What is going to happen now?

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BY ROBERT WAKE

Two years ago Liberty, in Thunder Over Kansas City, showed up all that could then be shown of the pitiable condition of that community under the heel of Boss Tom Pendergast, then embattled. Now Pendergast is at large, on probation, after fifteen months in Leavenworth. Whether or not he is "washed up," his machine isn't, altogether. So the present series throws light on Kansas City's chances, and Missouri's, of assuring a better future.

Last week Mr. Wake retraced the Pendergast "fix" that turned out to be the boss's undoing. A legal deadlock had led to the impounding of $9,000,000 collected by fire-insurance companies from policyholding Missourians. Through Pendergast's State Superintendent of Insurance O'Malley, Charles R. Street, as representative of the companies, arranged with him for a settlement highly favorable to them. Pendergast was to receive from Street $750,000 for his "services." Payments to him, made in cash, totaled $440,000 before they were cut off by Street's death.

Meanwhile United States Attorney Milligan had cracked down on the machine's vote frauds, and Lloyd Crow Stark as governor had amazed the boss by swapping punches with him.

In April, 1936, Internal Revenue agents found record of large payments by the companies to Street. He insisted this money was not taxable income of his own, and finally indicated Pendergast as the real recipient. A promising investigation began but, for some reason, bogged down. However, Governor Stark went to President Roosevelt with whatever information he had about the "fix," and the President told the federal department heads concerned: "I want action."

PART TWO—AN AMERICAN DICTATOR AT BAY

WHEN the President of the United States green-lighted the secret investigation by the Treasury and Justice Departments into Thomas Pendergast's financial affairs, the boss was in trouble. T-men, working step by step, established that he had concealed his income for eleven years, and unearthed the huge insurance pay-off. They constructed an imposing circumstantial case against him. But moral certainty is one thing, proof in court another. Pendergast wouldn't talk. O'Malley was silent. And McCormack at first parried questions.

To United States Attorney Milligan goes the credit for breaking this impasse. He took McCormack, the insurance pay-off man, before the grand jury. He got insurance-company executives to press McCormack into making a clean breast of matters. What was more, Milligan sent for Edward L. Schneider, secretary-treasurer of Pendergast's Ready-Mixed Concrete Company and an officer of half a dozen other Pendergast-controlled corporations, who knew more of Pendergast's financial affairs than any other man alive. He grilled Schneider one entire afternoon. No luck. He brought him back the next day, then gave him a day of grace, and then haled him in yet again.

Schneider was badly frightened. He told Milligan he was afraid he would be assassinated. Then one night at eleven o'clock Milligan received a tip that Schneider was ready to talk. Schneider came in the following morning with a lawyer. He looked haggard.

"I didn't shut my eyes all last night," he complained.

"Go to a hotel," suggested Milligan kindly. "Then come back here and we'll talk."

Schneider followed the advice. Coming back, he laid bare the many devious dodges his boss had employed

ILLUSTRATOR BENTON CLARK

The sheriff found a manager of the joint and began to read the lengthy search warrant.

to conceal his income and cheat the government. The case against the boss was now complete.

The machine made a last-minute abortive effort to stave off disaster. Police Director Otto P. Higgins hurried to Washington. He spent a week there, intent upon persuading the administration that Tom Pendergast was the one man in Missouri loyal to the White House and would be of immeasurable help in the 1940 elections. But Washington doors slammed in Higgins' face.

After his failure, two other gentlemen from Kansas City made hurried trips to Washington. One was a high state official, the other James M. Pendergast, the boss's nephew. Whom—if any one—they saw is not recorded. But they had scarcely left Washington when red-haired Frank Murphy, then Attorney General of the United States, announced: "Privilege and influence are not going to dominate the Justice Department's interest in public welfare." A major political scandal, he added, was about to break in Kansas City, and nothing could stop it.

Nothing did. Back in Kansas City, a federal grand jury had listened to the charge of Judge Albert L. Reeves to go after the city's higher-ups if evidence of wrongdoing were found against them. Judge Reeves, you may recall, was one of the courageous federal judges who, with Milligan and his staff, broke the vote-fraud cases.

A gentle-mannered family man, Judge Reeves soon learned the character of the machine he was opposing. His telephone rang constantly: threats of violence. A man visited his office and told of a plot to kill him. A strange young woman attempted to entrap him in a hotel room. He brushed these annoyances aside and went ahead with his work.

And the incredible happened: Thomas J. Pendergast was indicted on two counts of income-tax evasion.

Otto P. Higgins was having income-tax headaches himself by now. When Edward Schneider had been questioned, he had told things that led to Higgins' doorstep. Higgins, it appeared, had received between $7,000 and $80,000 from Pendergast-controlled corporations through Schneider, without Pendergast's knowledge.

Higgins knew Schneider was being grilled by Milligan. He suspected, perhaps, that Schneider would crack.

Pendergast was indicted April 29, 1939. On May 1, early in the morning, Higgins phoned Schneider, then drove to Schneider's home. For half an hour he talked earnestly with Schneider in his car parked outside.

Higgins later said that he had gone, a good Samaritan, to try to "buck up" the frightened Schneider. If that was his purpose he failed. He left Schneider—who had squealed on Pendergast and, presumably, on Higgins as well—and went to the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue in Kansas City, where he attempted to make amends for having filed fraudulent income-tax returns by filing new (and almost equally fraudulent) ones.

At the very moment when Higgins was sweating over this attempt of his, the man he had tried to "buck up" a few hours earlier was taking a dive off the Fairfax Bridge into the Missouri River. Schneider's body was washed ashore a few days later. His death is on the books as a suicide.

ON May 22, 1939, Thomas Joseph Pendergast, a whipped and beaten old political ruffian, appeared in United States District Court before Federal Judge Merrill E. Otis. He came to plead guilty to the government's charges and throw himself on the mercy of the court.

For his willful crimes his lawyers could offer no excuses. They could only plead that their sixty-seven-year-old client was broken in reputation, in political power, and in health, and that he was a good father and husband. It was not much of a defense, but it was the best that could be truthfully offered. Thomas Pendergast was sentenced to serve fifteen months in Leavenworth.

A storm of editorial protest greeted the light sentence. The Kansas City Star termed it "disappointing" but consoled itself with the reflection that no man ever returned from such exposure and a penitentiary sentence to great political power in America.

That may be. As late as January, 1940, Governor Stark charged that Pendergast was issuing orders to his machine stalwarts from his cell in Leavenworth. The charge was denied.

Judge Otis defended his sentence; said Pendergast had been tried merely for violation of a revenue act—tax evasion. It is only fair to point out that Judge Otis was one of the federal judges who gave wholehearted assistance to the vote-fraud cases prosecuted by Milligan.

The final reckoning found Pendergast in debt to the government (fines included) $707,000. And the government, on March 15, agreed to accept a compromise settlement of $350,000.

Today Pendergast is at large again. But, according to the rigid five-year probation terms imposed by Judge Otis, he must talk politics with no one, not even his wife; he must obey all laws, which means that he can't even put down a bet on a horse; he must not put a foot inside 1908 Main Street. Once a month he must stand in line with other ex-convicts to report to the probation officer.

Pendergast went to prison. So—for a year and a day—did his willing tool, R. Emmet O'Malley.

Whether or not Pendergast has come out a broken man, it can be confidently assumed that he hasn't come out penitent. When, under indictment, he appeared in court on a Good Friday, he said sadly, "Jesus was persecuted on Good Friday, too."

Senator Harry S. Truman termed the indictment of Pendergast a "purely political" move. He was quoted as saying, "I won't desert a sinking ship." On second thought he seems to have insisted upon a correction: "I said, 'I won't desert a ship in distress.' There's a lot of difference."

There wasn't much. Pendergast was sunk. But his machine was still in control of Kansas City and Jackson County. The fight against it had just begun—and isn't over yet. Properly to appraise this astounding battle, it is necessary to go back to 1936.

Governor Stark, it will be remembered, had been backed for election by Uncle Tom's machine. Today what's left of the Kansas City machine hates Stark and cries that he is trying to build a machine of his own. Some of the men who worked hard for him during the clean-up campaign complain that he used them badly.

Whatever his political ambitions, he was on the side of civic decency. And the people hadn't had much help before his time from their state officials.

WHEN, in 1938, Liberty first placed before the nation at large a picture of the lawlessness of Kansas City under Pendergast machine rule, an interested reader was Governor Stark. On August 3, 1939, he wrote to Fulton Oursler, Liberty's editor:

"I remember most vividly your series of articles, Thunder Over Kansas City. They were most revealing and of tremendous assistance. . . . I am most happy to have the good word you have for Mr. Merle A. Gill, and to learn that he is the man who originally suggested the Liberty Magazine articles to you. That was a great service to Kansas City, to Missouri, and to the nation."

That the Liberty articles did help seems a fair enough conclusion. Governor Stark assigned five investigators of his own to make a quiet but thorough investigation. And when he called into his office in the state Capitol his chief investigator, Walter Bliss, the four issues of Liberty containing that series were on his desk. He ordered Bliss to ascertain whether the charges in them were true. Bliss came to Kansas City, where he was helped by Mr. Gill, a ballistics expert, and others.

This present series is not written in an "I told you so" spirit. Not one tenth of the corruption that existed in Kansas City was uncovered by the articles in Liberty in 1938. And there has been enough glory grabbing.

To be sure, *exposure* of local corruption is the business of the local newspapers, and the chief service that a national magazine can render the citizens of a corrupt city is, rather, to confront them with the already obvious facts about the criminal misrule they are enduring, and thus move them to put an end to it.

Governor Stark's investigators had little trouble in verifying the charges made and in unearthing other evidence. What to do with the evidence, however, proved something of a problem—Kansas City being what it was. For nearly a quarter of a century flagrant vice of all kinds had flourished there unmolested, and Pendergast and his machine had dictated who should be policemen, sheriffs and deputy sheriffs, prosecutors and assistant prosecutors, legislators, judges, and state officials.

DIOGENES with his lantern faced a task no more difficult than Governor Stark's in his search for an honest man. Stark found one in Judge Allen C. Southern. Southern was not a Pendergast or "goat" judge. He belonged to the Shannon or "rabbit" faction, a minority faction of the Kansas City machine. Having stepped into the fight, he showed a courageous determination to see it through. He agreed to call a grand jury and to lay before it the evidence gathered by Governor Stark's investigators and witnesses.

As early as December, 1938, Governor Stark had sent a message to Roy McKittrick, Attorney General of the State of Missouri, pointing out that there was an utter breakdown of law and order in Kansas City and asking McKittrick to file ouster proceedings against any officials who were derelict in the performance of their duties. McKittrick had responded slowly. He had replied that to investigate crime in Kansas City he would need a fund of $100,000. Governor Stark had included such an appropriation request in his budget. Now the governor decided to go along for the moment without McKittrick, and contacted Judge Southern.

The Pendergast machine—heaven knows how—learned what was up. It reacted as you might have expected. Under the trees that lined the street outside the governor's mansion, men appeared—sometimes only one or two. They lounged and watched. They were hoodlums and they were tough.

One of the governor's investigators, taking evidence from the mansion to Judge Southern in Independence, was pursued by a car which forced his into a roadside ditch. And it was actually disclosed that some gangsters intended to intercept another car, kill the driver, and destroy some highly incriminating evidence. After that, Governor Stark hired two

(Continued on page 20)

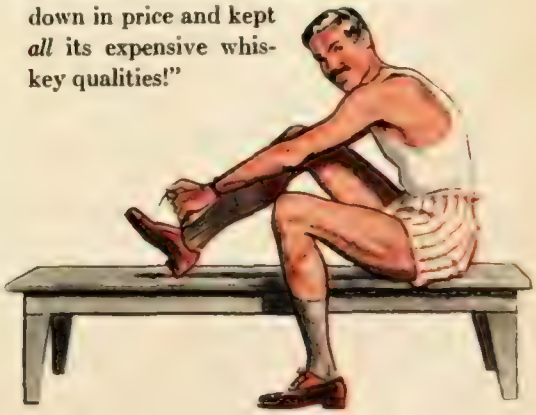
Who killed this bottle of Paul Jones?

2. **"I'm an accomplice,"** said the club champ. "I like Paul Jones better than any other whiskey – because it's not sweet and it's all whiskey, every drop. Yes, I had a drink and I bought two for a friend."

3. **"Boy, am I guilty!"** said the club duffer. "I had to buy drinks for the foursome! Naturally I picked that fine, full-bodied Paul Jones!"

1. **"I helped,"** said the Chairman of the Greens Committee. "You see, Paul Jones whiskey has an unusual *dry* tang, the kind you find in fine champagnes. I admit—I took a spot."

4. **"I had two** Paul Jones Manhattans," confessed a low-handicap mashie-wielder. "Paul Jones is the whiskey I always serve at home, especially since it came way down in price and kept *all* its expensive whiskey qualities!"



TODAY TRY

Paul Jones

"IT'S DRY... AND WHAT A BUY!"

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

(*Continued from page 18*)

bodyguards to accompany his two little daughters. When he himself made a trip, he accepted the protection of G-men bodyguards. And now when he dispatched evidence to Judge Southern he sent it in automobiles of the State Police.

Two men visited Judge Southern. He has identified them only as "public officials." They pleaded with him not to call a grand jury; they appealed to his party loyalty. "It will hurt the Democratic organization," they said. When he proved adamant, his telephone began ringing at all hours. He estimated later that he received one hundred assorted threats and warnings. He was told he would be tricked into a vicious frame-up ruinous to his personal character.

His response was to issue a public statement concluding: "If such framed evidence comes to your attention (you will understand) it is false and malicious and libelous."

ON the night of January 16, 1939, Judge Southern called to his chambers Sheriff James L. Williams of Jackson County, in which Kansas City is located.

As a sheriff, Williams played a mighty fine game of golf, and in 1937 he became Kansas City's amateur champion. That same year about a dozen prisoners mysteriously walked out of his jail. He fired three deputies. Still later, a good-sized gambling joint opened in his county. He was quoted as saying, "Gambling in the county is no different than gambling in the city." Then it was found that summonses turned over to Williams' deputies were being sold. A two-time convict was involved in this business. There was another shake-up in Williams' department.

Late that same year the F. B. I. trapped an extortionist in Williams' bailiwick. Director J. Edgar Hoover did the trapping without calling Sheriff Williams in on the play. Williams was angry. "To hell with J. Edgar Hoover!" he told reporters.

The sheriff was a "rabbit" official, not a Pendergast man. But that usually was stew out of the same pot; the distinctions were delicate ones of patronage. And now to get back to the night that Judge Southern called the sheriff to his chambers:

He handed him warrants. They represented authority to conduct raids on two gambling places. They called for immediate action. "The law requires that this be done," said Judge Southern. "I'm following the law. It should have been done long ago," he added pointedly.

What Sheriff Williams said does not appear. He turned one of the warrants over to a deputy, J. A. Purdome, who with four fellow deputies set out to raid. Then the sheriff himself, taking only two deputies along, got under way also. His search warrant led him to a Kansas City gambling palace which specialized in a mechanized bingo called Fortune Skill Ball, in which housewives, WPA workers, and other poor devils pitted money they desperately needed against odds that sucked them dry. It was a tremendous success for its owners, one of whom was Charlie (the Wop) Carollo, who took $10,000 a month out of it.

Sheriff Williams found a manager of the joint and began to read aloud the lengthy search warrant. "You're disturbing the customers," the man told him. "Come inside and read it." He obliged. Then he made some arrests and confiscated some evidence. Judge Southern later ordered the evidence placed in a bank vault.

Meanwhile Deputy Sheriff Purdome and his four fellow deputies had gone with the second search warrant to an air-conditioned gambling joint on Kansas City's Prospect Avenue, known as the Snooker Club. Listed by Judge Southern as a co-owner of the Snooker Club was Tim Moran, an ex-saloonkeeper and Pendergast ward leader for a decade. He was a city official, too—chief inspector in the Garbage Inspection Department. Each winter he went to Florida, where, perhaps, garbage was forwarded to him for inspection.

Purdome read his warrant, gathered his evidence and some prisoners, and returned. The night's work was done: Two raids. Two gambling joints—in a town creeping with them—pushed over.

SMALL potatoes? No! Nobody had dared think of putting a hand on gambling or vice in Kansas City in years. Now the Governor of the State and a courageous judge had defied machine rule. United States Attorney Milligan, Judge Otis, Judge Reeves, and their Federal Grand Juries had started the fight with the vote-fraud trials. Judge Southern and a County Grand Jury could strike more directly. It was a virtual joining of hands, county and government, against civic indecency.

A few mornings before the raids, on January 13, Judge Southern began preparations for the drawing of a grand jury. His term in Criminal Court had just begun. It was almost unprecedented for a circuit court judge in Jackson County to summon a grand jury in the first week of his term. The custom was to do this in the *last* week. Thus, even if the grand jury didn't prove to be a solid machine jury, its one short week of life would not suffice for any investigations of waste, graft, or protected crime. By thus hamstringing grand juries, the Pendergast machine had removed the people's last defense.

Now Boss Pendergast's rotten machine realized that it was in for the fight of its career. Judge Southern's term of office—and the life of any grand jury he impaneled—ran until March 11. So there would be time for this Grand Jury to uncover enough evidence of corruption to send high officials to prison.

Judge Southern, that January morning, called into his chambers Henry C. Kundert, clerk of the Jury Commission, and told him to make preparations. Kundert duly notified other members of the Jury Commission that there was to be a drawing. The Jury Commission consisted of ten judges of Circuit Court. Those of them who were present that morning, and some of whom helped draw names from the jury wheel to make up a panel, were Judges Ben Terte, John F. Cook, Brown Harris, Albert A. Ridge, Paul A. Buzard, and, of course, Judge Southern himself.

One hundred and ninety-six names of prospective grand jurors were drawn, and Kundert listed them for Judge Southern and then went out to lunch. After lunch he would have to attest documents showing that a jury panel on this date had been legally and properly drawn.

He returned from lunch. Before attesting the records he was, it seems, put to work at another task. He was still at work at that task when, around three thirty in the afternoon, Circuit Court Judge John F. Cook, chairman of the Jury Commission, came and told him that the commission had decided to replace him with another man.

Kundert had served as Commission clerk for twelve years. He was being discharged without a day's notice. Neither Judge Cook, he said, nor Judge Ridge, to whom he complained, offered any reason for his abrupt discharge.

And he was first replaced by a machine man and later by a brother-in-law of Thomas J. Pendergast.

How do you like that?

Coincidence or not, Clerk Kundert had been discharged by Judge Southern's fellow judges before the Grand Jury panel could be attested. So it was possible that if Judge Southern obtained a grand jury from that panel, the jury might later be declared not only inoperative but nonexistent. Nevertheless, he went grimly ahead. Attested or not, he intended to obtain a jury from it.

NOW, a grand jury functions best when the county prosecutor helps it. The prosecutor of Jackson County was Waller W. (Tom) Graves. The day after the gambling raids, Graves announced lustily: "Whatever Judge Southern deems proper meets with my full approval. My course will be one of full co-operation."

There was a clarion cry for you! But perhaps Judge Southern wondered what Prosecutor Graves had been doing all these years during which Kansas City had crawled with protected vice and gambling. At any rate, he ignored the hand of co-operation Graves thus extended.

He needed a grand jury at the earliest possible moment. By January 25 he had twelve jurymen—clean-cut citizens, too, not machine yes men. "Gambling," he told them, "has been open and notorious in Kansas City for years. It is known fully by all the police. There is no question about that, because the public knows it and you know it. You

need no one else in the Grand Jury room, gentlemen. I say this because the attorney general has told me he has received information of lawlessness in Kansas City and that he will depend on the police department for information. The prosecuting attorney has denied a general state of lawlessness in Jackson County, so I am satisfied you will not have testimony from the prosecutor that there is lawlessness in Kansas City."

Judge Southern had struck. For the first time in the history of Pendergastism, the people of Kansas City had a grand jury that belonged to them, not to the machine! It seemed too good to be true.

It was. Judge Southern's Grand Jury worked for exactly two days. Then the most powerful county officer in the State of Missouri filed an application for a writ of prohibition in the State Supreme Court, staying the hand of Judge Southern and the Grand Jury.

This county officer was none other than Mr. Graves. His grounds: the "refusal" of Judge Southern to permit him or his assistants or the attorney general or his assistants to appear before the Grand Jury.

In Jefferson City, the clerk of the Supreme Court sent a telegram to Judge Southern instructing him and the jury to take no further steps until a hearing had been held upon Prosecutor Graves' application.

The grand jurors returned to their homes and businesses.

LET'S be charitable. Waller W. Graves is at this writing prosecutor of Jackson County. Although his ousting has been recommended to the Missouri Supreme Court by a commissioner, the court has not taken action. Let's assume that he believed that the Stark-Southern fight was nothing more than a bit of political sleight of hand. Even if he did, was there any reason why he should not have gone along, as he was sworn to do, in the fight against notorious crime and vice in the city—and then have championed the people if and when he discovered that the clean-up forces were diverting their campaign to their own political ends?

Or did he reason that exclusion from the Grand Jury room was a personal affront that he should resent?

Neither defense holds water.

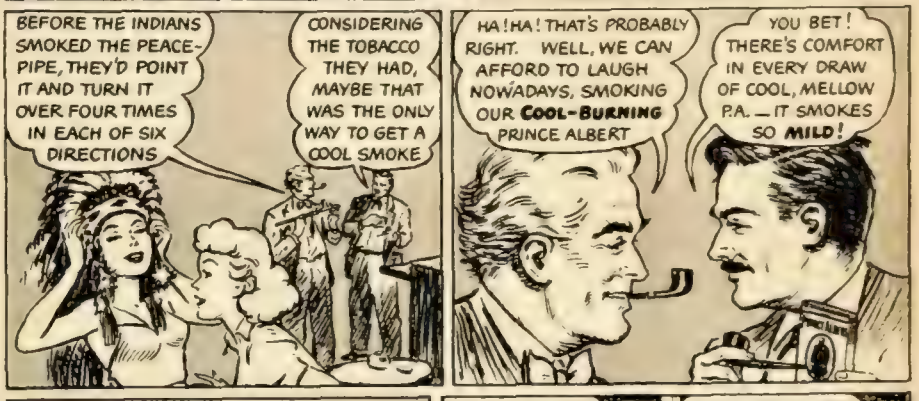
In a city that, for unbridled lawlessness, deserved to be placed under martial law, Prosecutor Graves had the audacity to say that a grand jury lacking the benefits of his representation or McKittrick's would be illegal. And that—and I quote him:

"Law and enforcement in Jackson County is thereby frustrated and broken down!"

What further light were events to throw upon Graves' move? What about his record in office—and those of several powerful champions of the embattled Pendergast machine? Just read Mr. Wake in Liberty next week!

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

HERE'S A FINE COLLECTION OF PEACE-PIPES, JUDGE. SOME WERE OWNED BY FAMOUS IOWA INDIANS SUCH AS CHIEF STANDING BEAR AND CHIEF GRAY EAGLE
IN THE OLD INDIAN COUNTRY OF IOWA


BEFORE THE INDIANS SMOKED THE PEACE-PIPE, THEY'D POINT IT AND TURN IT OVER FOUR TIMES IN EACH OF SIX DIRECTIONS
CONSIDERING THE TOBACCO THEY HAD, MAYBE THAT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO GET A COOL SMOKE

HA! HA! THAT'S PROBABLY RIGHT. WELL, WE CAN AFFORD TO LAUGH NOWADAYS, SMOKING OUR COOL-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT
YOU BET! THERE'S COMFORT IN EVERY DRAW OF COOL, MELLOW P.A.—IT SMOKES SO MILD!

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!

TODAY, ANY PIPE LOADED WITH PRINCE ALBERT IS A REAL PEACE-PIPE
AND A TASTY ONE, TOO. P.A.'S GOT PLENTY OF THE GOODNESS—THE RICH TASTE OF CHOICE TOBACCO WITHOUT HARSHNESS!

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PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT AND NO-BITE PROCESS CLEAR THE WAY FOR SMOOTH, MILD PIPE PLEASURE

P.A.'S GOT THE RIGHT CUT FOR PERFECT PACKING, EASY DRAWING, AND EVEN BURNING

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

ROLLING'S A SIGHT FASTER WITH PRINCE ALBERT, TOO. NEATEST, FIRMEST 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES BY A LONG SHOT

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Forsaking All Others

A sparkling story of the wiles of wives when husbands are away — and what brings them back

WHEN Tippy Small delivered the telegram, in its yellow envelope, Jessie said, "Thanks, Tippy," and gave him five cents. She stood on the steps of Atwood Cottage and watched him mount his bicycle and ride off up the lane before she opened it. It was the first telegram that Jessie had ever received in her life, but she knew whom it would be from, because this day was the first anniversary of her marriage to Stephen Atwood.

The telegram said:

THINKING OF YOU. WORKING HARD. HOPE YOU ARE WELL. LOVE. STEPHEN.

Jessie could almost hear her husband's voice as she read and reread the ten words. He was thinking of her; he was working hard—and he would not be home until Thanksgiving! The strips of letters blurred before her eyes. He had been gone for nearly three weeks; it would be eight weeks more before he would be back with her in Dorset Corners.

Behind her, the sprawling house was still and empty, and the cottages to the west of the big barn were empty, too. The last summer boarder had departed the day before, and Jessie would be alone until Stephen returned. Harry Bearse, the hired man, was burning cornstalks in the lower garden, and Mack, the old collie, drowsed in the September sun outside the woodshed.

The day was bright. The valley and the low hills which formed its southern border were suffused in a clear lemon-colored light. Already there had been frost. The leaves of blueberry bushes were crimson, the swamp maples beyond Stephen's vegetable garden that wound like a long snake, following the course of the creek, were orange, and the silver birches besides the red barn seemed dipped in liquid gold. It was beautiful and it was lonely, and Jessie rubbed her nose fiercely with the back of her brown hand and squared her shoulders. Usually she was proud of being what people called admiringly "a hustler"; but today she wished that she weren't quite so smart. She had worked feverishly closing the cottages, putting away blankets and linens, and now there was little left to do—and two long months to do it in.

Up the road she heard the sound of a car, and she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. It rounded the curve, nickel gleaming on the radiator—the long low roadster which the Varian Emorys had bought this summer. Jessie went down the walk to meet it, and Gilda Emory, in white flannel slacks and a scarlet sweater, slid from beneath the wheel.

"Hello, Jessie. How are you bearing up?"

Jessie's smile was guarded. She had worked for Mrs. Emory the summer before she and Stephen were married, and there had been a coolness between them when Jessie left. The Emorys were New York people and had different ideas about things. Mrs. Emory had thought that Jessie should go to Boston and study to be a secretary instead of marrying Stephen.

"I'm all right," Jessie said. "How are you?"

Gilda Emory's violet eyes were unusually bright. "I'm going to be a

"So that, my children, is the way the farmer keeps his wife," Varian drawled.

widow too," she said. "Varian's going to Hollywood for two months." She sat down on the lower step, and Jessie sat down beside her. "I've come to ask you a favor, Jessie. I've decided to stay here in Dorset until he comes back. Would you move over to my house and stay with me?"

Jessie looked down at her lap. Her mother wanted her to come home until Stephen returned, but she had refused flatly. Her mother still treated her like a little girl, and she was Mrs. Stephen Atwood—even if she was only nineteen—and jealous of her new dignity.

"Please!" Gilda Emory begged, and put a soft hand over Jessie's brown fingers. "We'd have fun."

Jessie's slate-blue eyes were thoughtful. In a way, it was Gilda Emory who was responsible for her marriage to Stephen, in a queer backhanded way. Stephen too had worked for the Emorys that summer. He had plowed their garden and made a goldfish pool, and he had been bewitched by the young city woman's charm and gaiety. He would never have looked at Jessie —Jessie Ryder, the plainest girl in Dorset Corners—if they had not had Gilda Emory in common; shared her, so to speak, because they had each worked for her. Jessie had learned things from Mrs. Emory, had learned to be gay and to make believe and to do things differently.

"You're a deliberate young woman," Gilda Emory teased her now. "Solemn as a judge!"

Jessie smiled, and the smile lighted her whole face, crinkled the corners of her eyes. She didn't want to be solemn. She wanted to make Stephen laugh, as Gilda made Mr. Emory laugh.

"All right," she agreed. "When do you want me to come?"

The house was not so lonely that night, as Jessie sat at the high mahogany secretary writing to Stephen. "I'll keep an eye on things here," she wrote, "but everything is in apple-pie order. Harry is going to paint the barn. How are you getting on with your studies?" She paused. It was strange to think of one's husband in school.

They had discussed it all summer

By

PHYLLIS DUGANNE

—the advisability of his taking this course at the Agricultural College. "Keeping boarders is hard work," Stephen had said. "My mother'd be alive today if she hadn't slaved so for others. I'd like to have a dairy farm big enough to support us, so you could

just sit back and do nothing." Her heart swelled as she remembered how he had looked at her then, his eyes dancing, his mouth soft and tender. "Nothing but maybe raise six kids, huh, Jessie?"

Her cheeks had flamed, not from embarrassment but for joy. Six kids!

The next day she packed her suitcase and made a careful round of the Atwood property to be sure that everything was properly locked and in order. Harry Bearse lived just down the road, and he would be working here every day, taking care of the animals, painting, doing odd jobs.

Varian Emory called for her in the shining primrose-colored car. Next to Stephen, he was the handsomest man that Jessie had ever seen. His black hair was thick and curly, and he was tall and slender, but not so tall as Stephen, who was three inches over six feet, and not so strong-looking. Stephen's shoulders were broad and his arms were like iron. His fair hair did not curl, but grew thick like a cap on his head, and his eyes were as blue as the bay.

"I'm so glad that you're going to be with Gilda," he said, and he seemed really to mean it. "You've got a good head on your shoulders, Jessie, and I'm counting on you to keep her out of mischief!"

Jessie laughed; she always felt at ease with Mr. Emory. "We'll be good girls," she assured him gaily.

"I'm leaving her in your charge," he told her seriously. "Don't let her go jumping off any deep ends."

Jessie was not quite sure what he meant, but she nodded. "I'll take care of her, Mr. Emory." It seemed funny, in one way, for her, who was only nineteen, to be taking care of Mrs. Emory, who was twenty-three; yet, in another way, it seemed right. Gilda Emory was like a child in some things, impulsive and headstrong and careless. Like the way she hadn't noticed that she was really encouraging Stephen to fall in love with her, that first summer, until Mr. Emory pointed it out and scolded her.

JESSIE was in the kitchen when the Emorys said good-by.

"Oh, darling!" Mrs. Emory cried in a choked voice, and clung to him with both arms. "Oh, Varian, don't go! I can't bear it!"

"One thousand dollars a week," Mr. Emory reminded her, and Jessie blinked incredulously.

"I don't care if it's a million," his wife insisted passionately. "Don't leave me, Varian—I'm afraid!"

"I'll write every day. And I'll telephone once a week."

"And you promise you won't fall in love with any beautiful actresses?"

"I promise. And don't you fall in love with any beautiful farmers."

In the kitchen, Jessie shook her head. City people certainly were strange. She remembered her own farewell to Stephen. "So long," he had said. "So long," she had answered. Perhaps their eyes had said more, and their hearts. . . .

Mrs. Emory was crying when she came into the kitchen. "Oh, Jessie!" she wailed, and Jessie put an arm around her and patted her.

"Two months won't be long," she comforted, though when she thought of Stephen it seemed forever.

"Let's take a drive," Mrs. Emory suggested. "I just can't bear the house. Let's drive over to Hendon. Let's go to the Vanity Fair Shop and each buy a new dress."

Jessie did not need a new dress, but neither did Gilda Emory. The Vanity Fair Shop was for summer people, and now, in late September, it was having its final clearance sale. They were giving things away, Gilda insisted, as she tried on frock after frock. No beautiful actress in Hollywood could be any prettier than Mrs. Emory. Jessie thought stanchly; any color, any style, became her. "Look, Jessie, this one might have been designed for you!" It was of slate-blue silk, the color of Jessie's eyes, with a full pleated skirt and a tight bodice that fitted Jessie's slim curves to perfection. "Just a touch of lipstick," said Gilda, and applied it herself to Jessie's mouth. "Now look!"

In the long pier glass, the reflection that looked back at her made Jessie's heart skip a beat. She used to think that she was the homeliest girl in Dorset. She knew, secretly, that since she had married Stephen she'd grown better-looking, but this girl was downright pretty!

"Wear it!" Gilda urged her. "And we'll go to the Inn and have a cocktail."

"Not me," said Jessie stanchly.

"Then you can have a lemonade."

THE town of Hendon was only fifteen miles from Dorset Corners and Jessie had often passed the Inn, but she had never been inside it. Gilda led the way into the cocktail bar, a room paneled in pine, with prints of old ships on the walls, and they sat down at a table.

"Gilda!" A woman standing at the bar came across the room and kissed her. "Pete, come on over here," she called to a tall young man leaning against the bar. "D'you know Peter Reynolds?"

Mrs. Emory introduced Jessie: "This is Mrs. Atwood, who is staying with me while Varian's away." And Jessie said "How do you do?" shyly. What would Stephen think if he saw her sitting in a bar? She sipped her lemonade and listened to the chatter of the other three.

"Come on home with us for dinner," Gilda was inviting. "Jessie, have we anything to eat?"

When she had worked for Mrs. Emory before, Jessie had eaten alone in the kitchen; but now she was a guest and not a hired girl, and Mrs. Emory insisted on her setting her place at their table.

"You New Englanders!" Mr. Reynolds said to her. "Are you all as profound as you seem, or is this deadpan business just a snare and a delusion?"

Jessie smiled because she did not know what he meant, and he shook his head and turned to Gilda.

"You see?" he said. "The Mona Lisa look again. I tell you, they're a race apart!"

At ten o'clock Jessie went to bed, but long after she had put out her light she heard them talking and laughing below in the living room.

Jessie had been up and doing for hours when Gilda Emory came downstairs next morning, wearing one of the diaphanous chiffon negligees which had so shocked Jessie when she first had worked for the Emorys.

"YOU know," she said, sipping her orange juice, "you'd be terribly pretty, Jessie, if you paid more attention to yourself." Jessie made a face, and Gilda persisted earnestly, "I mean it. Pete Reynolds was intrigued by you last night."

"My land!" said Jessie disgustedly.

"There's no sense in your looking like a dowdy country girl," Mrs. Emory insisted.

"But I *am* a country girl," said Jessie. "There's no sense in my trying to look like a summer person."

"No?" There was a faint gleam of malice in Gilda's lovely eyes. "Maybe Stephen would like it. He's an awfully fascinating young man, Jessie, and I gather that he knows a pretty girl when he sees one, even though he *is* married."

"You're silly," Jessie told her flatly, and began washing tea towels.

But Stephen did like pretty girls. Before he had seen Gilda Emory he had beaued about Ruthie Taylor, the prettiest girl in the Corners. It had been a downright miracle that he had fallen in love with Jessie, and she still had to pinch herself occasionally to make sure she wasn't dreaming.

Mrs. Emory was still laughing. "You're such a dope," she said indulgently. "A woman ought to make herself just as pretty as she can. She ought—"

The sound of a car in the yard made them both look up. It was a taxi from Hendon, and Peter Reynolds was climbing out. Jessie watched his eyes brighten, saw his thin sensitive face quicken, as he looked at Gilda Emory. She was looking back at him, her own eyes, several shades deeper in color than the orchid chiffon of her robe, sparkling, her short hair an uncombed tangle of blonde curls, her red mouth curved in a welcoming smile.

"Good morning, Mrs. Atwood," he disposed of Jessie first. "You see, I took you at your word, Mrs. Emory."

"I didn't expect you so early," Gilda said. "Will you have a cup of coffee?"

Jessie gathered up the tea towels disapprovingly and went out in the yard to hang them up.

"Hi, Jess!"

Fred Warren, who had been in the senior class at high school when Jessie was a freshman, was sitting at the wheel of the taxi.

"Hi, Fred," said Jessie, and began hanging up the towels.

He climbed out of the car and strolled across the yard to her side. "Steve still at college?" he asked.

She nodded, aware of Fred's brown eyes watching her, of the half smile that curved his lips beneath his small brown mustache.

"You're getting real good-looking, Jess," he said. "You used to be a homely little tyke in school." He grinned as Jessie flushed. "I guess you got the laugh on all the girls," he added, and there was admiration in his voice. "Picked off the catch of the county, didn't you?"

Jessie tossed her head. "Stephen picked *me*," she retorted, and Fred laughed.

"Don't know's I blame him," he said. "The Atwoods always did have an eye for women."

Fred's words, added to Gilda's statement that Stephen knew a pretty girl when he saw one, made Jessie's heart quiver.

PETER REYNOLDS came out of the house. "You needn't wait," he told Fred. "Mrs. Emory says she'll drive me back later. How much do I owe you?"

Fred said, "Fifty cents," and pocketed it. Peter Reynolds strolled off to look at the garden, but Fred did not move.

"Must be kind of lonely for you, with Steve away," he suggested.

"I keep busy," said Jessie. "I'm busy now." She went swiftly past him to the house and slammed the kitchen door. The nerve of Fred Warren! she told herself hotly, and her cheeks flamed; but her slate-blue eyes were unusually bright and alive.

Gilda Emory was dressing. When she appeared in the kitchen, she was wearing a full cotton skirt of blue and old-rose stripes, with a blue peasant blouse, and a rose-colored kerchief tied down over her curls.

"Jessie, I promised to go for a walk with Mr. Reynolds. He's illustrating a book about New England, and I said I'd show him the prettiest spots in Dorset. Could you get us lunch, say at one, like an angel?"

Jessie nodded. She wondered what Mr. Emory would think of this, but she knew that city people were different in their ways. Fred Warren was still strolling about the yard. Jessie decided to bake a cake, and began briskly mixing the batter.

"My, you look busy!" Fred's voice said banteringly from the other side of the door.

"Are *you* still here?" she demanded without turning.

"You're not real sociable, are you?" he asked.

"I'm busy," she answered shortly.

"Another time, then," he said. "Be seeing you!"

He went out. She heard the engine start, heard the grating of tires on the shell drive, and she let out a long breath. She was a little angry and, in spite of herself, a little flattered. Fred Warren had always been a lady's

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man, but he had never deigned to notice her before. *You're getting real good-looking,* he had said. Stephen had told her lots of times that she was smart, that she was fun, that she put him in mind of his mother, but he had never once said that she was pretty. . . .

She cleaned up the luncheon dishes and went to her room. On her bureau were some things Gilda Emory had given her: a new lipstick, an oval box of rouge, and a bottle of perfume with a French name. Jessie rubbed just the least bit of red over her mouth, dusted the faintest powdering of pink over her cheeks. She tipped the perfume bottle against her forefinger as she had seen Mrs. Emory do, and dabbed the moisture behind her ears.

She felt more cheerful than she had at any time since Stephen had gone. She got the new blue dress from her closet and put it on, walked to the post office for the mail.

There was a bulky letter, with yellow airmail stamps on it, for Mrs. Emory from Hollywood, and a thin white envelope from Stephen. Of course Varian Emory was an author, and it was easy for him to write letters; Stephen wasn't much of a hand at writing. Jessie did not open her letter until she was back in the Emory yard. She sat in the pink-and-white-striped chair by the goldfish pool and read it.

He was well and he hoped that she was getting along all right. He was working hard. The niece of his landlady had just come to visit her. Her name was Dorothy Monroe and she was a dead ringer for Ruth Taylor. And he was her aff't. husband, Stephen.

JESSIE leaned back in the warm sunlight and experienced her first pangs of jealousy. This Monroe girl would be at breakfast, lunch, and supper with Stephen, she supposed. If she looked like Ruth Taylor, it meant that she was pretty. She got up and went into the house, sat down at Mrs. Emory's desk.

Dear Stephen, she wrote: *We're all well here. The weather stays fine. Who do you suppose came up here today? Fred Warren. And what do you think he said? He said I was getting real good-looking. Isn't that a nerve? I bought a new dress in Hendon. It's blue and quite becoming. Today is the twenty-ninth of September. Eight more weeks to Thanksgiving. It will be nice when you come home.*

She put down the pen and got up restlessly. The Emory house was full of mirrors, and she saw herself, like a stranger, reflected in the long gold-framed glass above the fireplace. What was the sense in dressing up when Stephen was not here to see her? When no one was here to see her? All her cheerfulness of an hour before vanished like a bubble, and she threw herself down on the long couch and wept bitterly. . . .

Varian Emory had asked her to keep Gilda out of mischief. As the days went by, and Peter Reynolds became an almost daily caller, Jessie began to worry. Would Mr. Emory expect her to do something about this?

One evening—one of the rare evenings when Mrs. Emory remained at home—Jessie decided to warn her.

"I think Mr. Reynolds is falling in love with you," she said.

Gilda was leaning back on the couch, her hair metallic in the light from the open fire, her half-closed eyes amused. "Jessie, I know that Mr. Reynolds is falling in love with me," she said. "He told me so."

Jessie gasped. "But that's wrong," she said.

"Oh, I told him that I could never love any one but Varian," Gilda assured her quickly. "I told him that right away!"

"THEN why does he keep coming?" asked Jessie.

"You baby!" said Mrs. Emory. "I guess he likes to come. And perhaps he hopes I'll change my mind."

"But you won't," said Jessie.

"No," said Gilda. "But it's sort of fun to let him think I might."

Jessie stared into the fire. This was wrong; it was wrong by every precept she knew.

"Don't you think," Mrs. Emory drawled, "that Varian—and Stephen—are probably having a good time too?"

Jessie sat bolt upright. "Stephen wouldn't go out with another girl."

"How do you know?" asked Gilda. "And what would be the harm if he did? Marriage isn't that binding."

"I wouldn't go out with a fellow," said Jessie.

"No?" Mrs. Emory murmured, "Stephen might be a lot more excited about you if he wasn't too sure of that."

Jessie wondered what Stephen would think if she did go out with a man. Married women in Dorset didn't do that. Not nice women. Yet, as Mrs. Emory had said, there was no harm in it. "Stephen might be a lot more excited about you," she had said. Jessie wondered whether Stephen was ever what Gilda Emory would call excited about her. He had married her partly because he needed a woman to take his mother's place. She had always known that, and she had accepted it without rancor. It had been a sensible marriage. . . .

Fred Warren drove into the yard a few days later as Jessie was finishing her solitary supper; Gilda Emory was spending the evening in Hendon.

"I saw Mrs. Emory in town," he told her, "and she said you were all alone, so I thought I'd stop by and see if you wanted to go in to a movie with me." His eyes gauged her reaction, and he added, "We could pick up your mother. They say it's a good picture."

"That's kind of you, Fred," said Jessie uncertainly. If her mother came too, there certainly could be no harm in going.

Jessie's mother was sewing in her kitchen. "Fred Warren?" she echoed. "What's he want to take us to the movies for?"

"He just thought I might be lonely and want to go," said Jessie.

"What concern of his is it if you're lonely?" asked Mrs. Ryder. She was looking at her daughter sharply. "Jess Ryder, have you got paint on your face?" she demanded.

"You're so old-fashioned," Jessie said. "Every one uses a little rouge. Ruth Taylor and *every* one!"

"Huh!" said her mother. "Well, if you're going I suppose you're going, and I better go too."

After the movies were over and they had dropped her mother at her house and started home in the moonlight, Jessie felt guilty. She had never driven alone in a car at night with any man but Stephen.

"I certainly admire Steve for what he's doing," Fred said. "Most men would be satisfied with where he's got already. He'll be a rich man, Jessie."

She smiled. She liked to talk about Stephen, because it brought him nearer; and they were still sitting in Fred's car in the yard talking about him when Gilda Emory drove up.

"Well!" she exclaimed after Fred had gone. "So you've got yourself a beau too, Jessie!"

Jessie's eyes flashed angrily. "I went to school with Fred," she said.

"I'm just teasing you. I think it's fine," said Mrs. Emory, laughing at her.

IN bed Jessie tried to think honestly about the right and wrong of her conduct. It was difficult to think about it calmly, because in spite of everything, in spite of how she felt about Stephen, it was exciting to have a man look at her the way Fred did, with admiration and interest in his eyes. She wanted Stephen to look at her that way, too—wanted him to appreciate her.

She decided to write him that she had gone to the pictures with Fred, and she got out of bed and sat down at the desk. Maybe telling him would make him realize that she was more than just the other partner to a sensible marriage!

She waited excitedly for his answer. Perhaps he would be angry; perhaps he would forbid her to see Fred ever again!

When he wrote—and she knew by the postmark that he must have received her letter—he did not mention Fred Warren. She put down the page disappointedly. Perhaps he thought that it was not worth mentioning; perhaps it never entered Stephen Atwood's head that any other man could be interested in her. . . .

The second time that Fred asked her to go to the pictures, she said, "I'd love it!" warmly, smiling the way Gilda Emory smiled when she was pleased. She changed her dress and put perfume behind her ears. From the mirror her face looked back at her, excited and rebellious and a little angry.

It did not take twenty-four hours for every one in Dorset Corners to know that a man other than her husband was looking at Jessie. Her mother appeared at the Emory house the next afternoon, her eyes snapping. That any daughter of hers should carry on so . . .

Jessie listened stolidly to her scolding.

"I'll write Stephen!" Mrs. Ryder threatened. "I'll tell him how you're acting!"

"Go ahead," said Jessie, her voice mocking. Her mother was silly; she didn't seem to realize that Jessie *wanted* Stephen to know.

That evening Varian Emory made his weekly telephone call from Hollywood, and Jessie could not help hearing Gilda's end of the conversation.

"Oh, I'm blooming!" she declared. "Is your rival doing what? . . . Making any progress?" Her laughter was almost shrill. "Don't you wish you knew!" Then her tone softened. "Oh, Varian, I do miss you! . . . You know I'm not really. It's just so darned lonely. He's a nice young man but . . . No, darling. Tell me about yourself." There was a long silence, and when she answered her voice was high again, artificial. "Well, you *are* having a time! Is she as pretty off the screen as on? Is she . . ."

Her step was listless as she rejoined Jessie on the couch before the fireplace. "Four more weeks," she said soberly.

"Four more weeks," Jessie echoed, looking into the flames.

The nights were cold now, and the wind was edged, and it blew not steadily and softly like the summer winds from the west, but in furious bursts which sent the ailanthus branches whirling from the trees to litter the lawn. The sun had no warmth, and the second week in November it disappeared behind gray clouds and did not come out for five days.

Sometimes Gilda Emory drove into Hendon and brought Peter Reynolds home with her. Sometimes Fred Warren drove him over, and sat in the kitchen getting warm and talking to Jessie.

THERE'S a good movie on next Saturday," he said one day.

Jessie was silent. Why didn't Stephen forbid her to go out with Fred? Didn't he care? She felt cold and angry and desolate inside. If Stephen didn't care, why shouldn't she go?

Driving home, after the picture, through the cold cloudy night, Fred put his arm around Jessie's shoulders, and she stiffened and drew away from him.

"Don't you do that, Fred Warren!"

He was smiling. "You look like a little wildcat, Jessie." In the light from the dashboard her eyes were blazing. "I like 'em wild," he added, but he did not attempt to touch her again.

Jessie cried herself to sleep that night, and in the morning, when Mrs. Emory came downstairs, Jessie looked at her in surprise and sympathy. Gilda Emory's eyes were puffed and her mouth drooped at the corners.

"Was it a good show last night?" Gilda asked.

"Grand," said Jessie.

"We had fun, too," said Gilda. "The Nelsons dropped in and we played bridge until one o'clock." She tossed her golden head. "I don't care if Varian never comes back. I'm having a lovely time!"

"So am I," said Jessie, and then her slate-blue eyes met Gilda Emory's violet ones, and they grinned in unspoken understanding.

STEPHEN ATWOOD and Varian Emory arrived in Dorset Corners on the same bus. For sixty miles, from the railroad junction, they talked of their own concerns, Varian of Hollywood and the motion-picture industry, Stephen of agriculture and dairy farming. The final ten miles found them both silent, thinking their own thoughts. Varian's dark eyes and Stephen's blue ones were enigmatic; their mouths were compressed.

"Guess they're home," said Stephen as they saw the lights of the Emory house through the bare branches of the ailanthus trees.

Gilda and Peter Reynolds were playing chess in front of the fireplace when Varian opened the living-room door.

"Don't move!" said Varian. "You make such a charming domestic picture."

Gilda had whirled about as she heard her husband's voice. She started to rise, and then her eyes flickered beneath his gaze.

"Dar-ling!" she said, and got up slowly, gracefully—like an actress in a play, thought Stephen Atwood, watching her. She kissed her husband lightly and said, "Varian, this is Peter Reynolds."

The two men shook hands.

"Where's Jessie?" asked Stephen.

"Oh, hello, Stephen!" Gilda extended a small hand prettily. "Jessie's gone to the movies with Fred Warren. Sit down by the fire."

Stephen remained standing.

"How was Hollywood?" Peter Reynolds inquired of Varian.

"Delightful," said Varian.

Gilda said in a high voice, "Well, let's *some one* sit down! We look so silly, all standing up!" She sat down herself, but the three men continued to stand. "Have you had something to eat, Varian?"

"I don't seem to be hungry," answered her husband. "Perhaps Stephen—"

"No, thanks," said Stephen Atwood shortly.

Gilda laughed. "What's the matter with every one? We're all acting like people in a play by Noel Coward! Peter, it's your turn to say something."

Peter Reynolds had a thin sensitive face. His eyes were burning as he looked from Gilda to Varian, and two

red spots glowed in his cheeks. "There's a lot I want to say to you one of these days," he told Varian. "I—I'd like to have a talk with you."

"I'd be delighted," said Varian politely.

From the yard came the sound of a motor, and Stephen Atwood was through the door like a flash.

Gilda said, "*Well!*" and Varian, his voice a drawl, murmured, "We'll now see how the primitive New Englander handles these situations. Interesting, isn't it?" He strode deliberately across the room and flung open the French doors.

From somewhere in the darkness, Jessie's voice, muffled, cried, "Stephen!"

"Get in the house, Jessie," Stephen Atwood told her.

Fred Warren said, "Hello there, Steve. Back for good?"

"Get out of the car," said Stephen.

Fred Warren got out. "Listen, Steve—"

Gilda Emory screamed at the sound of a fist coming into swift contact with a jawbone. Varian Emory whistled through his teeth, and Peter Reynolds stood, quiet and pale, his eyes straining into the darkness.

"*Socko!*" said Varian happily as the sound was repeated.

Stephen's voice was low but authoritative. "Get out, now! And if you ever come near my wife again, I'll really whip you."

Fred Warren's answer was spoken by the car engine. The red taillight disappeared down the drive, and Varian Emory turned a serene smiling countenance upon his wife and Peter Reynolds. He closed the French doors.

"So that, my children, is the way the farmer keeps his wife," he drawled.

"Varian!" Gilda gasped.

"Well?" asked Peter Reynolds defiantly, standing his ground.

VARIAN'S smile was sweet. "But we're a more refined, a more sensitive class," he said. "As Gilda so aptly pointed out, there's a touch of drawing-room comedy, a faint odor of Noel Coward, about ourselves." He looked tenderly at Gilda. "You're not so simple as little Jessie," he told her, "any more than I'm as direct as Stephen. I'm sorry to suspect you, my love, but I'm afraid you egged Jessie on. In fact—"

"Look here, Emory," Peter Reynolds began, and Varian, in the same gentle voice, murmured, "Shut up, Reynolds; I'm talking to my wife." Varian continued to smile. "No," he said; "I'm afraid we have to do these things differently." Suddenly he raised his right hand and slapped Gilda smartly on the cheek. "Oh-oh," he warned Peter Reynolds. "Better stay where you are. You don't want me to slap Gilda again, do you?"

"See here—" Peter Reynolds attempted, and Varian shook a finger at him.

"I think you'd better go," he said. "If you say anything more, I shall slap Gilda. And every time you put in an appearance here, I shall slap her again. Of course it's quite up to you—"

Gilda's mouth was trembling. She stood, with one hand clasped to her cheek, staring wide-eyed at her husband.

"You'd better go, Peter," she said, and the quaver in her voice was the beginning of a giggle. "You'd really better go, or he *will* slap me!"

Peter Reynolds looked back at her helplessly.

"I'll take him to Hendon for you, if you like," Stephen Atwood offered from the kitchen door. "I'm taking Jessie home with me tonight."

Behind Stephen, Jessie looked flushed and tearful and happy. Her eyes met Gilda's and they both smiled.

"That's awfully decent of you, Stephen," said Varian. "You're sure you don't mind?"

"Jessie and I'd like a little ride," Stephen said.

Varian grinned. "Home for Thanksgiving, or Families Reunited," he declared. "Be seeing you!"

Gilda was shaking with laughter, but she had the decency to wait until Peter Reynolds had left the room before she flung her arms around her husband's neck.

THE END

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By U. S. Representative ROBERT F. JONES of Ohio

CONTRARY to law, and proved guilty of violating the law by its own evidence, the New Deal is operating a political propaganda machine which could teach Dr. Goebbels a thing or two.

The New Deal's propaganda is not prepared by the Democratic National Committee, although it ought to be; nor is it paid for out of the campaign war chest. This advertising, this argument and blandishment, spread by pamphlets, press releases, radio and motion pictures and traveling exhibits, and out of the mouths of agents in the field, is spread *at public expense.*

I want to be wholly reasonable. I do not blame the New Dealers for striving to remain in power. I know that political propaganda, good or bad, has a place in our political system. Every political faction and pressure group employs press agents.

But, until the New Deal took over the federal government, the political press agent and his products were always paid for by the party or group whose interests he served. It took this administration to make the people themselves pay to be propagandized.

Whether you are Republican, Prohibitionist, Democrat, or what not, *you* are paying to be told that the New Deal way of running the country is best. The cost comes out of the Treasury, out of tax money and borrowed money, and that, I maintain, is *wrong.*

It is more than wrong. It is illegal. Congress enacted a law on October 22, 1913, expressly forbidding federal departments to hire publicity agents except when specific authorization and appropriation are provided by it. The chink through which the New Deal advertisers crawled into our cash drawer is the law's permission for the maintenance of *information* services. What Congress contemplated in making that allowance was a public convenience, whereby citizens' questions would get helpful answers. Congress did not intend to permit the establishment of multiple staffs of special pleaders—press agents in fact—or it would not have made that very exact distinction.

But there they are, and at a cost to you of millions of dollars a year; exactly how much, nobody knows. The Bureau of the Budget says "it would be a practicable impossibility to prepare a compilation of the actual costs under these heads over any period of years." However, I have a few figures. For example, under "Press services, radio broadcasting, exhibits and motion pictures" this year we find: Federal Works Agency, $708,824; Henry Wallace's Agriculture Department, $698,168; Federal Loan Agency, $202,189; Paul V. McNutt's Federal Security Agency, $172,291; Harold Ickes' Interior Department, $128,633; and so on down a list of twenty-six.

Let me hasten to record the fact that a goodly share of this money does pay for the writing of legitimate *information.* As to what the rest of it pays for, I won't make any accusations; I will let those come from government sources.

The law of 1913 forbids the employment of government press agents. In 1938 the report to Congress of Public Printer Augustus E. Giegengack complained that "there is a disregard of this law by some of the departments and agencies." By law, all government publications are printed in the Government Printing Office, which would afford a check on publicity; but Mr. Giegengack reports to Congress that, in "direct violation of the law," the federal press agencies are using mimeograph and other duplicating devices.

"I realize," he says, "the advantages which can be taken of present conditions by the departments and agencies to get out propaganda of a type they would not submit to the Government Printing Office, and the waste of public funds involved in this superfluous matter."

In 1932 the *blank* paper purchased by all the government departments combined cost $724,188. In 1935 the cost was $1,466,921. In 1936, *an election year,* it rose to $1,733,056. In 1937, with the New Deal safely entrenched for another four years, the administration had to have only $1,333,826 worth of blank paper. In 1938 came the crucial Congressional elections, and the paper bill jumped to $1,403,729. The New Deal lost heavily, so it bought $1,658,733 worth of paper in 1939, and this year the bill is $1,775,470.

Last year the government departments sent out 970,000,000 pieces of mail matter *without paying postage.* It cost the taxpayers $38,000,000 to have that mail sent to them.

O. K.! I know it; it was not *all* publicity. But neither was all the press-agentry sent out by mail. Tons of it was delivered by hand to the press associations and the newspaper correspondents in Washington.

Let us take the Department of Agriculture as a laboratory specimen of government press-agentry. I don't single it out as the most horrible example, but simply because I have my filing cabinet open at A.

In 1940, Secretary Wallace himself informs me, at my request, his de-

partment is spending $897,460 for "publications," which does not include "the cost of preparing material for publication."

Engaged in preparing the Department's publications are 114 full-time employees, 61 half-timers, 152 working part time. Fifty are engaged in making movies and visual exhibits. The pay roll totals more than half a million dollars, not including $175,000 in expense accounts.

These publications include the farm bulletins, which are a legitimate and valuable service. They also include—diving at random into the pile of exhibits in my drawer—mimeographed copies of a speech by Mr. Wallace to the American Political Science Association, in which he praises rural electrification and paved roads as an *escape* from "the monopolistic rackets" of the cities. He winds up with the opinion that "one of the great functions of the higher government officials in a mature civilization is to understand the battle that goes on steadily between the better educated, overprivileged groups and those who are poorly educated and underprivileged . . . to turn this battle . . . into constructive service for the general welfare."

Figure that out for yourself as a contribution to the art of farming.

Let's dip in the drawer again. Here's a fat one, a seventeen-page press release marked "For April 27 P. M. papers": Mr. Wallace's speech before a mass meeting in St. Paul, Minnesota, called by the National Farmers Union and the National Federation of Grain Co-operatives; a speech which was broadcast by NBC. It is a defense of the transfer of the Farm Credit system to the Department of Agriculture. "We want no dictator from either Wall Street or Washington telling us what to do," Mr. Wallace says in it. "But we welcome a government which gives us the machinery for expressing our wishes through local leadership. . . . Fight for a better credit system. Fight to guard your farm program against every kind of attack." Fight for the New Deal, in short.

Next my hand closes on a chunky little volume called the AAA Notebook, which reads like a salesman's guide, and proves to be one. It condenses all the Wallace arguments for AAA, so all the field agent has to do when confronted by a disgruntled farmer is to look up the answers in the index. Who and what are these field agents? Well, in my Ohio Congressional district there are three in every township busily "selling" AAA and the New Deal farm program with the help of these little sales manuals. They work in relays. Agent Number Three, the high-pressure member of the team, even has pictures of any stubborn agriculturist's farm photographed from an airplane, to illustrate where and how submitting to AAA will bring in more money for less work. Besides, the picture is a nice souvenir, suitable for framing. The farmer would be a tough customer indeed if he did not feel flattered. However, there are some who are tough enough to baffle even the third-degree propagandist.

Each of most of the other departments has its "information service," a staff of trained writers whose duties include the writing of speeches for the department heads. Exceptions are the War and Navy Departments, whose press relations bureaus are staffed with commissioned officers of the Intelligence units.

Correspondence with Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, left me baffled in an attempt to segregate the cost of publicity in her office, although it is one of the most prolific. Her writing staff is, from her description of the set-up, well concealed under assorted titles and categories. It does an effective job, however, in preparing attractive pamphlets.

Here is one entitled Workers—How the Wage-Hour Law Affects *You*, which advises wage earners, if they think their pay is "less than it should be under the law," to get in touch with the nearest Wage-Hour office, after working hours, promising that "your name will be kept confidential" and assuring them that "your employer will be violating the law if he fires you." It goes on to say that sometimes "a firm does not keep a record of hours worked and wages paid. Sometimes these are not true records." So employees are advised to keep their own records "in case you have to sue your employer." A successful suit means the employer will have to "pay you twice the amount due plus court costs and reasonable attorney's fees." Now, I am for every right and privilege that is labor's due, and I think a cheating employer should be treated like a common thief, but to my eyes the pamphlet quoted reads like a Communist manifesto.

ANOTHER Perkins opus is entitled Women At Work, and advises employees to "fight for better conditions." It says women have always been active in labor movements and organized strikes since as early as 1824 and 1825. Then it tells how in 1936 and 1937 there were "many strikes in which women played their part. In the huge struggles in rubber, automobiles and steel . . . women picketed, helped in the 'sit-downs.' . . ."

Why the emphasis on strikes throughout? I don't think it is commendable for the Labor Department to hire writers and artists, at public expense, to extol the sit-down strikes which disrupted this country three years ago. I haven't seen any employers' association circulate literature advising its members to "fight against better conditions." I speak in Congress for thousands of industrial wage earners, and I know the Perkins philosophy is not theirs.

Like most department heads, Secretary Perkins insists she employs no publicity writers, only "information" workers. So does Secretary of

GUTZON BORGLUM AT WORK ON GIGANTIC MEMORIAL

Head of Lincoln—from Borglum's colossal group at Mount Rushmore

"Years of work and strain have brought headaches"

Famed sculptor of Rushmore Memorial, like millions of people, takes Bromo-Seltzer for headache. Here is the reason:

Most headaches are simple ones. They may be NERVOUS or DIGESTIVE. For these, Bromo-Seltzer does more than simple pain relievers can:

1. EASES PAIN FAST
2. STEADIES YOUR NERVES
3. SETTLES UPSET STOMACH

For frequent or persistent headaches, see your doctor. For ordinary headaches, take Bromo-Seltzer. Follow directions on label. At drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home.

BROMO-SELTZER

the Interior Ickes—outside his office. I have, however, photostat copies of his Department's budget sheets, a sheaf of which is labeled "estimated expenses for information *and publicity.*" His 1940-41 budget calls for employing, for these purposes, sixteen persons at a wage cost of $42,190 plus $1,900 for "contingencies." Assigned to his personal office are six publicity men at a total annual wage of $16,590 and eight at $21,660 for radio broadcasting, two at $3,940 for motion-picture work.

In answer to my inquiry to the Department of Justice, I received a letter explaining that the Attorney General's "public relations" staff numbered eight persons who received a total of $29,600 a year. Most of the output consists of press releases describing in lay terms the law-enforcement accomplishments of the Department. That is all right—*but* the letter from the Attorney General's office contained this significant line:

"It should be pointed out that the Department of Justice, *unlike some of the other Departments,* has no *publicity* unit." (Italics mine.)

Now, if the Department of Justice knows that other departments maintain publicity bureaus, then it is countenancing a violation of the law.

THERE is my preliminary case. I have thick envelopes of evidence for nearly every federal department, agency, authority, and bureau. Even if the Treasury's coffers were bulging with money, it would be legally and ethically wrong for the New Deal to use public funds to promote its own political theories and fortunes. But the government is almost broke, and it has to go deeper into debt, at your expense, to pay for this press-agentry.

It does worse than that. It takes money authorized by Congress for relief to spend on promotion stunts. Consider the U. S. Film Service, established merely by President Roosevelt's say-so. It has produced beautiful movies showing the New Deal's own idea of the New Deal's benefits to the nation. WPA allotted it $75,900 and PWA $75,900—money voted by Congress to support 217 families on relief for a year—to make movies *about unemployment!*

Worse still, $850,000 of relief funds obtained on the floor of the Senate and House is being used by the New Deal's "How-am-I-doing" department. This agency, officially known as the Government Reports Bureau, is directly under the President. It compiles and summarizes news articles on the New Deal's activities every week, and once a month summarizes magazine articles, and circulates the digest in a mimeographed volume to the top jobholders. As this magazine goes to press, there is *not a relief client assigned to the bureau,* although it is using relief funds that could keep the families of 1,200 unemployed sheltered and fed for a whole year.

Maybe it isn't unlawful, but it looks dishonest to me.

THE END

"MUM pays you dividends in the hotel business-or any business"

"In my business—or any other—the man with perspiration odor has two strikes on him. I urge every man on our staff to follow my example . . . and make a daily habit of Mum!"

says Mr. Kenneth Lane, personnel director of the famous Hotel New Yorker

"PERSPIRATION ODOR has double-crossed many a capable and able citizen. And the tragic part of it all is that a man may offend and never know he's guilty.

"But smart men take no chances! They know they can't trust a shower *alone* to guard them from risk of underarm odor. So they make *sure* they never offend . . . they make a regular daily habit of Mum!"

That's sound advice for success—and thousands of men are following it. For Mum is quick and easy. A dab under each arm after your shower takes only 30 seconds, yet you definitely end perspiration odor for hours! Remember a bath only takes care of *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come.*

Mum can't harm your shirts...won't irritate your skin... prevents underarm odor without attempting to stop perspiration.

Druggists today are selling jars to thousands of men who like the self-confidence Mum brings—safety from underarm odor. Get a jar of Mum, today!

MUM

takes the Odor out of Perspiration

[Socially or in business—Play safe with Mum!]

Your morning shower takes care of yesterday's perspiration, but Mum prevents underarm odor to come—carries on where your bath leaves off.

The people you meet in business—and your family and friends—like you better when you avoid risk of underarm odor with Mum.

A STORY OF THE INVASION OF AMERICA

Lightning in the night

BY

FRED ALLHOFF

with the advice and counsel of Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, George E. Sokolsky, and many others

An exciting novel plunges into the future . . Pray God it won't come true!

"They saw me in the tree and made me come down. They called a German officer."

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Hitler's plan to take America by surprise had called for action in August, 1945. Late in July, Lieutenant Douglas Norton, United States Naval Intelligence, arrived in Honolulu on assignment to watch Baron von Holtz, social playmate of Wilma Joyce, sugar heiress. Personally, Norton not only knew von Holtz to be a Nazi spy but had reason to believe him responsible for the death of Norton's brother, a news correspondent, in Shanghai.

At Waikiki the lieutenant fell in with and, in spite of himself, fell hard for a captivating red-haired girl who proved to be Wilma Joyce's secretary, Peggy O'Liam. Toward midnight of July 31, during a dance at his hotel, Japanese and Russian planes raided the island. With gas from their bombs coming into the lobby, he carried Peggy up to his room, made her take thorough precautions against gas poisoning, and then sheltered her until morning. She readily told him all she knew about von Holtz, whom she had distrusted.

Lieutenant Commander Fitzroy told him the raiders had been guided by torches planted near the American airfields. Both men suspected von Holtz, but he wasn't to be found.

On August 2 and 3 Japanese and Russian forces began bombing and invading Alaska. Off Hawaii the American fleet, commanded by Admiral Sterrett, met a Japanese-Russian fleet, which turned tail after losing three battleships. Then, on August 4, Fitzroy received a bewildering, dismaying radio flash:

"Panama Canal under German control."

This meant that, to get into the Atlantic, Sterrett must round Cape Horn, which would take seven weeks or more—and meanwhile America's eastern seaboard and vital industrial area would be wide open to Hitler's attack, so far as naval defense was concerned.

PART THREE—HITLER SPEAKS . . AND AMERICA ANSWERS

THE seizure of the Panama Canal stunned all America. However it had been effected, there was not a schoolboy in the land who did not understand its significance. The Panama Canal was the key to the nation's defense. That key to the safety of the last remaining great democracy in the world was now in totalitarian hands.

After the official admission from Washington that the Canal was under German control, there were forty-eight hours of silence, broken only by a second grim terse announcement:

The formerly British-owned island of Bermuda in the North Atlantic, little more than 700 miles from both New York City and Baltimore, also was in Nazi hands.

Following Hitler's conquest of England, a joint German-American Colonial Commission had agreed that little Bermuda should enjoy the status of an independent state. Hitler would not press claims to the island, provided the United States did not endeavor to occupy it. It would remain unfortified and uncontrolled. Now, without warning, the Greater United Reich had seized it.

In Honolulu, Lieutenant Douglas Norton dropped in to see his friend Lieutenant Commander Dudley Fitzroy. A radio on Fitzroy's desk was tuned to a station on the mainland. Over the sound of it he boomed:

"Any luck? Locate von Holtz?"

Norton shook his head.

The radio was playing dance music. Fitzroy turned it down.

"Hitler," he explained. "He's on at ten thirty. Too bad about von Holtz."

"I don't see how he could have got out of the islands," Norton said. "He left here in a little motorboat the evening of the raid. Peggy—Miss O'Liam—gave me a list of persons he knew. Intelligence, here, has most of their names. Nothing likely to turn up there. Out at the Joyces' they have a plane, a little two-place cabin job, that Miss O'Liam flies. It occurred to me that von Holtz might have gone to one of the little uninhabited islands of this group, and she flew me over some of them early this morning. He wasn't on any we covered."

"Too bad," said Fitzroy, and added sagely, "Pretty girl, Miss O'Liam. Very pretty. What did you think of the Panama Canal business?"

"Haven't heard any details."

"That's right, you wouldn't have." Fitzroy nodded toward the radio. "It was all on there this morning. And where do you suppose the United States got most of its information? From Germany!"

HE told Norton what had happened. On the night of August 3 a flight of the United States Navy's "Flying Battlewagons" had taken off from San Juan, Puerto Rico, on a routine neutrality patrol. Two hundred miles out, flying northeast, they came upon a tremendous concentration of Nazi planes flying southwest.

"Three hundred to three hundred and fifty of them there were," Fitzroy said. "Big six-motored flying boats. It would have been suicide for our patrol of eight planes to tangle with them. Our flight skipper radioed the base at San Juan and streaked for home."

Upon the news that the enemy seemed about to launch an all-out aerial attack on the Panama Canal or its Caribbean outposts, two hundred planes took to the air from the San Juan naval air station, and 750 army planes took off from Point Borinquen, the big army field on Puerto Rico. Simultaneously the naval air base at Guantánamo, Cuba, put a group of ships in the air. All these planes went aloft with a single mission: to locate the enemy out at sea and, at all costs, destroy him before he could reach the Canal. Meanwhile, word of the attack was radioed to the army and navy air bases as far away as Florida and Virginia.

The original patrol of eight planes which reported the enemy never returned to its base. It had evidently been overtaken and shot down.

The defending air forces reached the point where, according to their reckoning, the enemy's planes should be contacted. They found none. They spread out and pushed on. Their leading plane was 300 miles from San Juan and approximately 1,300 from the Panama Canal when word came from the Colón radio station that the Canal was being attacked.

"What had happened," Fitzroy explained, "was this: The enemy air fleet, after downing our eight-plane patrol, put about and flew northeast for several hundred miles; then turned again and headed for Bermuda. They took the island by surprise. Dropped two thousand parachute troops. While the troops were seizing the island, a hundred of their big flying boats sat down in the water and began to put equipment on the beach. Machine guns, antiaircraft guns, howitzers—even a number of five-ton tanks. Bermuda's pretty respectably fortified now."

Lieutenant Norton said bitterly, "Then the move on the Canal was another feint."

"Yes," said Fitzroy. "Served its purpose. Sucked our air forces from Puerto Rico and Guantánamo away out over the Atlantic. And while we were out there they brought up a second air fleet from the south and bombed our fields at Puerto Rico and Guantánamo to bits.

"The Canal Zone defense, meanwhile, was getting braced, naturally enough, for an attack from the Atlantic side. Moved its 14-inch mobile guns across the Isthmus railway to Colón. So what did they do then? They hit us with everything they had—from the *Pacific* side."

Norton listened gloomily as the older man went on. The air attack on the Pacific side of the Canal had been staged by no fewer than 3,000 planes. After circling thirty miles out over the Pacific at 20,000 feet, awaiting zero hour, this huge aerial armada had come gliding down, motors cut, in a silent-approach attack upon Balboa. One hundred and fifty "smoker" planes had led. Hedge-hopping, they had roared over the channel, laying curtains of acid smoke that blanketed the mobile and 16-inch coastal batteries and the antiaircraft defenses.

BEFORE the smoke had blinded the Canal Zone gun crews, three smoker planes had been shot down by antiaircraft gunners. That loss, however, had scarcely ruffled the perfectly co-ordinated assault of the invaders. Neither had it troubled them much when six more of the smoker planes had crashed into the twisting wall of narrow Gaillard Cut while trying to smother the antiaircraft battery near Gold Hill.

Only a few objectives had been bombed. The invaders' purpose had been to seize control of, not to destroy, the Big Ditch. And, by surprise and sheer weight of air force, they had accomplished it.

The radio stations at the Canal's Pacific entrance, at Gamboa Reach and at Colón, had, of course, been bombed into silence. The motor road across the Isthmus had been bombed and broken up; the Panama Railroad had been cut by bombs near the Continental Divide where it skirted Gold Hill. Incendiary bombs had reduced Panama City and Colón to a mass of smoking rubble. Albrook and France Fields, at the entrances to the Canal, had been demolished, and such last-stand defense ships as they had been able to get into the air had been promptly shot down. Rio Hato airfield in Panama and a number of smaller airfields deep in cleared jungle territory had been hunted out and destroyed.

The Canal and its locks and dams had not been touched. Instead, huge bombers following the smoke-screen layers across the Isthmus had rained gas shells upon every spot within the Canal Zone that might conceivably be occupied by a human defender.

Against bombs and sabotage the Panama Canal defenses had been as nearly invulnerable as human ingenuity could make them. But the enemy had chosen to attack not with bombs but with smoke curtains and with a mighty and lethal weapon previously considered the last resort of a losing nation at war—gas.

IN a great American city of narrow streets and towering buildings gas warfare would have been ineffective. In an exposed and concentrated area like the Canal Zone it had been devastating. And because the preliminary smoke curtains had concealed and disguised the gas that was dropped, gun crews had worked feverishly at their posts until, sneezing and vomiting, they had realized—too late—what was happening.

Fitzroy shrugged broad shoulders.

"Well, that's the crop," he said. "The German Foreign Office itself informed our State Department of most of the details. So far as I know, we haven't a man left in the Canal Zone who isn't a casualty. They used, besides some of the old stand-bys, a devilish new gas their technicians have developed. It's deadly, but it can't be as persistent as mustard, for they dropped their chemical warfare boys down there the same night to decontaminate key spots in the Zone.

"Our Canal's gone, our Caribbean bases are gone, and we don't even know what the hell they used. Probably one of the arsenic-group substances that we've been experimenting with ourselves. Violent even in low concentrations. Goes right through clothing, filters—everything. Gets into the blood stream, and a man either dies or goes mad. Pleasant little war, this."

"What happened," Norton asked, "to our aircraft from Puerto Rico and Cuba?"

"Their home bases were knocked out before they could get back. They were ordered to Miami. Most of them—but not all—made either Miami or Jacksonville. The Germans have been dropping parachute troops into the Canal Zone ever since. Specially trained men, by the way. Seems that in their files they've had accurate blueprints on every piece of equipment at the Canal, and for the past year trained troops have been operating and repairing a miniature Pan-

ama Canal. So they could take over and operate the real Canal without a day's loss of time. They're open for business now."

"Why don't we go down there and destroy it?"

Fitzroy shook his head. "Not yet. We can't get it back now, but we won't destroy it until we have to."

He sighed, then scowled at the radio, which was still playing dance music.

"Well, they've walloped us blue and bloody before we could even get our fists up, but we're not licked yet. We're up against a clever mob, though, now that the Germans have come in. Every day last week there was a rumor floating around that an attack, using gas, was planned. The rumor probably came from Germany.

"So, down in the Zone, everybody got dressed, each day, in his rubber and oilcloth protective gear. Devilish hot outfit to wear in the Zone. Men at gunnery drill keeled over after half an hour in it. Everybody got good and sick of it—and no signs of a raid. So they relaxed and they got careless—and then, when the raid did come—"

Fitzroy threw up his hands.

"I still don't see," Norton said, "how they got 3,000 planes to the Panama Canal. I know we've got ships with a 4,000-mile range today, but you burn up gas fast when you get into combat. And you've always got to get back home. If they had any bases close to the Canal—any in Venezuela or even the Guianas—our neutrality patrol would have spotted them, wouldn't it?"

THEY had that all worked out, too," Fitzroy said. "Remember back in 1934, when Germany started flying Heinkels from Berlin to Bathurst on the African coast, and then shuttling Dorniers across the South Atlantic to Natal, Brazil?"

Norton nodded.

"Well, when the Vargas government was overthrown in 1942 and Brazil became Nazified, Pan American Airways was tossed out of the country. And Germany flew planes in from Africa."

"But they couldn't have flown from Natal to the Canal."

"Didn't have to. They flew them into the interior. Based them along what had been Brazil's domestic air route. We couldn't very well patrol the interior of Brazil without making an issue of it and going to war. So we watched the coastal routes that the German airlines were flying, found no suspicious concentrations of planes, and figured we were safe.

"Now and then we got a rumor about planes in Brazil that might be bombers but had windows painted on their sides to make them look like commercial transports. But nothing we could tie down.

"From Brazil's domestic route in the interior to the Canal was more than 1,500 miles. Well, they made it!"

"Narrow margin, with a return

Delicious flavor wins fast friends for this

NEW FORM OF BRAN

New DOUBLE-MILLING process refines texture of

NATIONAL BISCUIT 100% BRAN

HERE at last, is a bran that is not only helpful in aiding elimination—but one that you will really *enjoy* eating!

For the new National Biscuit 100% Bran is winning friends all over the country on its texture and delicious flavor.

National Biscuit 100% Bran is a genuinely different bran—made by an improved process of Double-Milling. This new process further breaks down the bran fiber, making the bran particles smaller and less likely to be irritating.

If you are one of the many people who suffer from constipation caused by too little bulk in their diet, try this *modern*, gentle relief. You can buy National Biscuit 100% Bran at your food store. Eat it regularly as a cereal—try the recipe for delicious bran muffins on the package. If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner—consult a competent physician.

Check its Advantages

- ✓ accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association
- ✓ helps relieve constipation caused by too little bulk
- ✓ double-milled—made by an improved process
- ✓ a deliciously different New Form of Bran
- ✓ 100% Whole Bran
- ✓ furnishes significant amounts of Phosphorus and Iron and is a good source of Vitamin B_1

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

trip to face, wasn't it?" Norton said.

Fitzroy grimaced. "Not so narrow. They didn't go back to Brazil. The new Colombian government, which has been steamed up by Nazi agents since the conquest of England, threw Colombia's expanded airports open to them.

"Much the same thing happened in Venezuela. She's clung to strict neutrality—but, the day before the Canal raid, a Nazi-led Brazilian army massed on her southern border. Either she'd open her airports, as needed, to the German raiders—or else! She agreed—and we can't blame her much.

"That means more headaches for us, of course. The Nazis not only have the Canal; they now have air bases extending from Barranquilla, Colombia, to Natal, Brazil, all along the northern coast of South America. So they command the Caribbean and can play the devil with our oil shipments out of the Gulf States. They—"

The radio had stopped playing dance music. Fitzroy swung around in his chair and turned up the volume. He consulted his watch.

"His Nibs," he told Norton.

An announcer's voice said:

"We bring you now, via short wave from Berlin, the voice of Chancellor Adolf Hitler in a message to the people of the United States. The next voice you hear will be that of Chancellor Hitler."

A VOICE began to speak. Words flowed in a stream of carefully enunciated German. After half a minute an interpreter's voice cut in:

Hitler asserted that for many years his country had sought the friendship of America without success.

That, even after the establishment of the Greater United German Reich, America by "futile rearmament" and "economic interference" in South America had sought to wreck Germany's efforts to establish world peace.

That today, virtually friendless, on the verge of bankruptcy, attacked from the northwest by Russia and Japan, deprived of her Panama Canal and thereby of her navy, the United States faced total and foreordained doom.

It was not, Hitler hinted, too late to negotiate an honorable peace. Even Russo-Japanese claims might well be resolved—if America truly wanted peace. There were conditions: Immediate and complete disarmament; entire agreement with Germany's world economic plans; recognition of the status of Germans as "world citizens."

To the people of America, he said, he offered more than he had once offered Great Britain. He offered the hand of friendship, the hand of an ally seeking true peace.

If this offer were refused—

"Men will die by the thousands," said Hitler, "and beside them in streets running red with blood will lie the torn bodies of their wives and children—needless victims of a crass, unyielding stupidity. It is in the name of these unfortunates that I bid you think well. The choice is yours. Peace—or annihilation! It is in your fields and streets that this war shall be fought. Your houses shall crumble and in them your people — innocent civilians — shall be crushed.

"If you choose war, then this last struggle of the Greater United German Reich shall be a war without rules, without quarter—a war of total destruction. There shall be no open cities, no sanctuary for any man or woman. One of your generals has said that the serious mistake made by the Allies in 1918 was that, following the war, they did not so completely crush Germany that she would never rise again. Germany, having risen, will not now make a similar mistake. America must choose peace now—or be forever destroyed.

"Your country has neither experienced nor appreciated the utter ruthlessness of modern warfare. In exactly four hours, from the State of Venezuela, New Germany of the Greater United Reich, one of your own countrymen will describe these terrors to you. He is the only American soldier who witnessed our conquest of the Canal Zone and who emerged alive and not subject to a chronic mental disorder. I ask that you listen well to his words before foolishly embarking upon a course of self-destruction. What happened in the Canal Zone can and will happen on the American continent if this—Germany's final friendly offer of peace—is rejected."

Lieutenant Commander Dudley Fitzroy snapped off the radio.

"Phew!" he said. "A fine choice we're offered! We can have Germany as an ally and get Japan and Russia off our backs, provided we let Hitler become master of America. The cure's worse than the disease!"

NORTON said quietly, "I'd like to hear that speech four hours from now. If you're planning to listen in, sir, and I may come back—"

"Come back and welcome. Bring Miss O'Liam, if you care to."

Norton set out for the Joyce home. The fleet was back in Pearl Harbor for fuel and stores. Probably, he thought, for the long trip around the Horn to rejoin the naval units in the Atlantic. He wondered if they could possibly make it in time.

At the Joyce home, a plain-faced, severely dressed servant woman of middle age admitted him. Peggy O'Liam, her eyes sparkling a welcome, came to greet him. She hooked an arm in his and said:

"I'm so glad you could come for lunch. You're just in time to meet an old crony of mine."

As they walked into the living room, Lieutenant Douglas Norton, U. S. N., stiffened automatically, professionally, at the sight of the familiar figure of a blue-eyed, pleasant-featured, erect man of sixty.

The man—Admiral Burton Lee Sterrett, commander in chief of the United States fleet—took a pipe from his mouth and greeted Norton with a warm handshake.

"Did you listen to Hitler's peace offer, lieutenant?" he asked. Norton said, "Yes, sir. Did you?" And when it appeared that the admiral had, very much so, he ventured to inquire:

"What did you think of it?"

The admiral made a wry face. "Just what you did, I imagine. What else could a man think? The Canal in his clutches—war on, in full blast—and there he was, ranting about—"

PEGGY seized his arm. "Now, Burt!" she cried. "You promised!" And Admiral Burton Lee Sterrett smilingly nodded and subsided and relaxed. To Norton she explained, as they seated themselves:

"We swore off just now, Uncle Burt and I. We declared a lunchtime moratorium on war talk. Night and day, besides fighting one battle at sea, he's been thinking and talking war and nothing else; and so have you and I—and Hitler too, I guess, for that matter! Anyway, we thought it was time to give the topic an hour's rest. Don't you agree? But you're in for some family palaver instead, I'm afraid.

"You see," she went on, "I haven't been in America myself since 1940, and Uncle Burt saw my folks two months ago in Baltimore. He isn't really my uncle. He's my godfather, though. His parents and my father's were next-door neighbors out in Illinois. Went to school together. Uncle Burt always seemed to get home in time for my birthdays. The O'Liams and the Sterretts have sort of adopted each other."

Admiral Sterrett nodded a tolerant gray head. "That's true. I used to bounce Peggy on my knee when—"

Peggy interrupted: "He's going to say, when I was a skinny-legged, freckled little squirt. He always begins by telling strangers about my childhood deformities. I've still got freckles. My legs have done a little better since then." She folded them under her. "How," she asked the admiral, "were Mary and Dave when you saw them?" She turned to Norton. "Mary Greenwood is my married sister. She lives in Baltimore. Dave is her little boy."

"They were fine," the admiral said. "Davy's as fat and husky as any kid of three is entitled to be."

They talked on, and an overpowering sense of nostalgia crept over Lieutenant Norton. In this room, he thought, America was talking. The *real* America. The plain everyday sort of America that you meant instinctively when you said of some one: "He's my kind of folks." It did not seem strange or strained that this girl and this man should be talking this way—the girl a pretty red-haired stenographer, the man the ranking admiral of the United States fleet. Girl and man were old friends, neigh-

bors. And that, too, was America—though generations to come might never know it. . . .

A moment later, in spite of Peggy, the war intruded.

"You'll be sailing soon?" she said.

"Very soon. As soon as—"

The plain-faced servant dressed in black came noiselessly into the room to announce luncheon. She went out, and Admiral Sterrett said:

"Damn it all, Peggy, I don't like that woman."

Peggy laughed. "Greta? She's a bit on the sullen side, but she's all right."

"She doesn't make enough noise when she walks," he said. "We're sailing as soon as we can."

She clutched his sleeve impulsively. "You *will* be careful, Burt?"

It should have sounded naïve, ludicrous. Somehow, because of the warm intensity she put into it, it didn't.

AT two thirty that afternoon they sat — Admiral Sterrett, Peggy O'Liam, Major Hobart, and Lieutenant Norton—in Lieutenant Commander Fitzroy's office to listen to the German-sponsored broadcast that was later to become known as the "Lone Survivor Appeal."

In America millions of persons turned on their radios. From far-off Nazified Venezuela a voice—the voice of a young and shocked and badly frightened American—came over to them:

"My name is Richard Harwood Wills. I am twenty-three years old. I am a private in the Fourth Coast Artillery, Balboa, in the Canal Zone. I am now a German prisoner of war in Venezuela. I am the only man in the Fourth now left alive. I am the only American soldier in the Canal Zone who is not a hospital case or who was not killed on the night of August 3 when we were attacked. I saw the whole attack. I have been asked to tell what I saw in my own words."

The voice halted a moment, went on:

"Before the raid we had received word that there might be an attack from the Atlantic side. Our gun crew had been ordered to their stations. We waited and nothing happened. After a while Lieutenant Coleman told me: 'I don't think there's going to be an attack. Shinny up a tree and see if you can see anything.'

"I climbed a tree and didn't see anything, and was going to tell him so when I heard a noise up above. They came at us so fast I didn't have time to come down. They were roaring and laying smoke and dropping gas shells, and their machine guns were spitting. I never seen so many planes. The sky was black with them. I could see Panama City blazing in the distance.

"The smoke on the ground thinned a little and I could see Lieutenant Coleman grabbing at his throat and coughing and swearing. Some of the boys began to tear their clothes off. It was the acid in the smoke, I guess.

I HAD Spring Fervor!

AND WAS MY FACE RED--WITH KISS-SMEARED LIPSTICK! BUT KLEENEX CLEANED ME UP IN A JIFFY... LEFT NO TATTLE-TALE TRACES.

(from a letter by R. F., Covington, Va.)

MAN-SIZED KLEENEX!

BOY, AM I GLAD TO FIND THAT KLEENEX COMES IN A DOUBLE-SIZE--EACH SHEET TWICE AS BIG AS REGULAR KLEENEX. AND IS IT SWELL FOR BIG JOBS!

(from a letter by J. G., San Diego, California)

"Tell me Another" says KLEENEX* and win $5.00 for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SQUAW SQUAWKS

AN INDIAN SQUAW ASKED OUR GENERAL STORE CLERK FOR KLEENEX... WHEN HE TRIED TO SUBSTITUTE ANOTHER BRAND SHE SAID, "UGH, NO GOOD! WANTUM KLEENEX IN POP-UM-UP BOX!"

(from a letter by R. P., Chapleau, Ont.)

IT WAS A Damp Shame

OH, THOSE TERRIBLE MONDAYS WITH DOZENS OF HANDKERCHIEFS TO WASH! BUT SINCE MY FAMILY USE KLEENEX DURING COLDS THERE'S NO MORE MONDAY MOURNING!

(from a letter by E. B., Pittsburgh, Pa.)

Don't put a Cold in your Pocket... Use Kleenex

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

"After a gas shell burst I could hear my brother, Private John Wills, screaming down there. I wanted to go down and find him, but I was afraid of the gas. Some of the boys were vomiting and a couple of them that had been hit by machine-gun bullets just lay there moaning.

"It all happened faster than I can tell it, except the planes kept coming over. They came over in waves of fifty. I never seen so many. There wasn't nothing could have stopped them, and anything that got in their way was destroyed. It was awful.

"I don't know how long I was up there in that tree. I know I prayed for a while. And I kept calling down to the fellows on the ground. And after a while none of them answered.

THE whole Canal got it just the way we did. The Germans came back and dropped parachute troops in oilcloth suits, and they started throwing chemicals on the ground. They saw me in the tree and made me come down. They called a German officer. He asked me questions in English. He said, 'I can't understand it. You're the first one we've found that isn't crazy or dead.'

"I didn't know what he meant. We saw a naked man come out of some underbrush a little later. He saw us and stood there grinning at us. Another man came out after him. His face was raw and part of his uniform was eaten away. I knew him. He was Captain Roberts. He went to the naked American and stuck a gun in his face and shot him. Then the German officer shot Captain Roberts. And then the officer turned to me and shrugged and said, 'Another corpse. There must be thirty thousand of them to clean up.'

"We came to a plotting room. That's a bombproof room, underground, where the plotting crews figure firing ranges and phone them to the gunnery crews. They can keep gas out, but it gets hot down there, and the air gets stale.

"This German officer stuck his head in one of the ventilators and yelled, 'Any one down there?' The voice that answered was Corporal John Smith's—a friend of mine. He yelled back, 'Three of us left.'

"The German officer yelled, 'Come out with your hands up. Quick!'

"Corporal Smith yelled, 'Come down and get us, you so-and-so! Go to hell!'

"The Germans tossed grenades down the ventilators. I guess they killed all of them down there."

There was a long uncomfortable silence broken only by the sound of the speaker in Venezuela sobbing. Norton stole a glance at Peggy. The girl's face was pale. The voice on the radio suddenly blurted:

"For God's sake, you people at home in America, don't let them do to you what they did to us in the Canal Zone! Don't let them bring this thing to America! Make peace with them now, somehow—anyhow! If I thought we could win . . ." Strangling sobs. And then a whimpering last plea: "Please!"

In the quiet room in Honolulu, Major Hobart muttered, "The yellow pup. He needs court-martialing."

Admiral Sterrett said quietly, "*Schrecklichkeit!*"

Norton thought bitterly: A superb job of propaganda.

Peggy O'Liam said nothing.

Fitzroy said, "Poor young devil! I think he meant it. I think he believes that the German war machine is unbeatable, that our country is doomed. The Germans believe so, too. Well, we'll see."

An announcer said over the radio: "And now the President of the United States."

The President's voice was tense.

"Fellow Americans: Today, as you know, the Chancellor of the Greater United German Reich offered the people of the United States peace. A peace based upon his terms. A peace offered at the point of a loaded gun.

"Tonight, quite graphically, he has shown us what may happen if our answer is no. Perhaps it will happen. Are liberty and freedom worth the cost of bloodshed and death? Our ancestors thought they were. Corporal John Smith, doomed in an underground plotting room in the Canal Zone, thought they were.

"Chancellor Hitler has asked for an answer to his offer of peace. The answer I believe the people of the United States wish me to give him is the one that has already been given Germany by an American about to die. I cannot do better than repeat Corporal John Smith's answer. That answer was: 'Go to hell!'"

Two nights later, air-raid sirens wailed in Baltimore, Wilmington, and Norfolk. Bermuda-based Nazi bombers were repulsed, after inflicting meager property damage and slight loss of life, by American planes.

In Honolulu, Lieutenant Commander Fitzroy told Norton:

"A Clipper, escorted by a couple of navy bombers, is bringing us quinine and serums. You're to return on it to Washington at once." He grinned. "Admiral Sterrett has arranged for Miss O'Liam to fly back to the States. The Lord only knows if she'll be safer there, but the Old Man says he could never look Mike O'Liam in the face again if anything happened to his redheaded daughter. So you'll have company. Good luck to you, both of you. The Japs'll give this place hell, once the fleet and its aircraft carriers have pulled out."

"I hope not, sir," said Norton.

The Clipper plane was never to arrive. It was shot down, with its escort, somewhere at sea by Japanese and Russian planes.

Admiral Sterrett sailed quietly one night out of Honolulu. A few hours later, Jap and Russian planes raided the island of Oahu again, strafing gun crews and blasting airports.

LIEUTENANT NORTON phoned the Joyce home when the raid was over. The telephone at the other end rang, but no one answered. At one thirty in the morning his own telephone rang. He lifted the receiver in the darkness and said, "Yes?" And the voice of Peggy O'Liam, taut as a stretched steel wire, said:

"Doug! Can you come at once—please!"

Sleepiness fell from him. He shouted into the telephone: "Peggy, what is it? What's wrong?"

"I've just shot a woman," she said.

What woman? Some Nazi agent of von Holtz? And, supposing Peggy has learned of a trap for the fleet at sea, how—with all radio stations wrecked—are she and Norton to warn the admiral in time? And what have Hitler's allies been doing to Alaska? To Canada? Keep your eyes wide open for Lightning in the Night next week!

20 QUESTIONS

Grade yourself as follows:

1—3 Correct.....Pretty bad
4—7 Correct.....Average
8–10 Correct.....Surprisingly good
11–15 Correct..What college did you say?
16–20 Correct.....Probably you peeked

1—What English poet and fiction writer used the swastika to sign notes and letters?

2—From what do we get the expression "dead as a doornail"?

3—How many wars—declared and undeclared—were there between November 11, 1918, and September 3, 1939?

4—What do the letters S O S, used as the radio distress signal, stand for?

5—Are there any natives of the United States, living within the United States, who do not live under its laws?

6—For what is the name George Spelvin famous?

7—What English youth is said to have begun his rise to fame and fortune because a cat caught mice?

8—Can the President of the United States make use of the "pocket veto" at any time while Congress is in session?

9—How many years do you have to be married to have a diamond anniversary?

10—It was news recently when five became six. To what did the five refer, and in what way did it become six?

11—What part are women aviators playing in the British air force?

12—What have the following in common: Aventine, Caelian, Capitoline, Esquiline, Palatine, Quirinal, Viminal?

13—Napoleon is reported to have said: "Able was I ere I saw Elba." What is so unusual about this statement?

14—Are the following mammals, fish, or birds: seals, whales, porpoises, bats?

15—Is there any common sense in the rule that we should not eat oysters in months that have no "r" in them?

16—The "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" refers to what?

17—The lion that roars on the screen is the symbol of which movie company?

18—How did Judas Iscariot die?

19—If all the telephone wires in the world were stretched in a straight line, would they reach as far as the sun?

20—What young lady skyrocketed to fame on a song of parental affection?

(*Answers will be found on page 46*)

ON TO GRAVY!

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Here's football today! Is it time to give it back to the boys who play it?

ONE fall, not long ago, one hundred and twenty thousand people stormed into Chicago's Soldier Field to watch a football game. Army versus Navy? Tennessee versus Southern California? Minnesota versus Northwestern? No. Leo High School versus Austin High School—or so the billing read. The real attraction was no high-school rivalry but a high-school halfback, young Bill De Correvont—"the greatest football player since Red Grange."

Bill did not disappoint his public. Making three touchdowns to bring his year's total to thirty-three, his points scored to 211, he closed his interscholastic career in glory.

Then the college carpetbaggers moved in.

That many colleges conduct their so-called amateur athletics on a professional basis has been known for years. An investigation in 1936 of one hundred leading institutions turned up forty-two obviously pro, and the trend since then has been rapid toward pay-for-play. Frankness about it, on the part of some footballers and some schools, is the healthiest feature of the whole situation.

It is the undercover work that makes parasitic wrecks out of youngsters and fools out of the rest of us.

Unless you have had a football star born into your home, you have little idea of the lengths to which the college "recruiter" will go. Let Sonny Boy show the slightest tendency to such stardom, and the white slavers are on him and his family. Let him be a proved box-office attraction like Bill De Correvont, and the influx is like a plague of seven-year locusts.

The scourge isn't confined to any one section of the country. It is manifest in all; it has shown up in one—and the most ivy-twined, at that—of the colleges of puritanic old New England, which not so long ago had to disqualify its duly elected football captain, whom we will call John Jones, because a man described as "a friend of the captain's father" made the mistake of soliciting *by letter* contributions to a "John Jones Fund" to finance the youngster.

Often the boy himself, as in John Jones' case, doesn't know what is going on; for when he cannot be lured, the carpetbaggers go to work on the older members of his family.

It is a pleasure to report that the De Correvonts behaved themselves admirably. They did not put their Bill up at public auction or call for sealed bids accompanied by certified checks. They certainly did not do anything to influence him to take the long trek to Los Angeles, Miami, Seattle, or Boston, as so many star athletes do. And Bill, for his part, likewise behaved himself. There was a time, right after his Soldier Field triumph, when he flirted with the idea of enrolling as far away as Ann Arbor, drawn apparently by the fame of Harry Kipke; but when Kipke was succeeded by Fritz Crisler, Bill cast his eyes homeward and settled on Northwestern University in near-by Evanston.

No outsider knows what, if anything, Michigan or Northwestern offered him for his services; but it couldn't have been more, and it was probably a great deal less, than a dozen other colleges must have offered him. For if Bill, as a college player, turned out to be a complete "bust," his employers would get back their investment, and more, from the crowds in the first season's opening games; and if he turned out to be even half as good as he had looked, the team that landed him would be reasonably sure of an invitation to one of the big Gravy Bowls and a cut of a possible $300,000 gate.

If, instead of knocking himself down to the highest bidder, he chose to attend a local institution whose rules forbade the acceptance of Gravy Bowl invitations, and whose gridiron heroes of the past few years had been his heroes, he deserved a lot of credit and Northwestern deserved a lot of congratulations.

Northwestern got the congratulations, all right. Lynn Waldorf, the Wildcats' coach, was envied by all his coaching mates. As for the Chicago sports writers, they held their breath throughout Bill De Correvont's freshman year of ineligibility.

To those of us who still think of college football as a game played by a lot of lighthearted young fellows for their own pleasure and their college's glory, all this may need a bit of explaining.

As Theodore Roosevelt once said, "When money comes in at the gate, sport flies out of the window." Especially has this long been apparent in the case of college football, not because of any fault in the game itself but because of its very popularity, which caused college authorities to come to depend upon it to support other college activities.

Long before the present state of supercommercialism had been reached, the American colleges plunged into a rivalry of expensive stadia, coaching systems, and publicity organizations which can be compared only to the armament race among nations, and which has re-

The new champion waved me aside. "A speech? Nothing doing! I'm just a tennis player." . . . "Wait!" I ask. "You've won the tennis cup, now you've got to tell them how you did it. Here—settle yourself with a stick of Beeman's. The flavor's great and that tang—"

"You win!" says the champ. "Gotta hand it to Beeman's—it's got what it takes. A fresh taste that's doubly refreshing. A dash and tang. A flavor that's too good to last—yet does." He laughed. "Sure I'll make a speech! It'll be good, too—if you'll just keep that package of Beeman's on tap!"

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

sulted in the same thing: financial and moral bankruptcy.

College football is now out of the hands of the colleges and in the hands of the banks.

Sports writers sometimes refer to the matter facetiously. College coaches are more serious about it. Says Coach Tuss McLaughry of Brown: "The coach is forced to win games to hold his job, to put on a show to please the public, and to present a team which is attractive enough to draw ample gate receipts."

Different institutions adopt different methods of satisfying their creditors. One, now almost universal, is—as we have seen—to subsidize players by promise. Another is to hire at high salaries—in one case twice as high as that of the president of the university—coaches with a reputation for winning victories at any cost.

Most of the coaches of one great conference are commonly believed to operate under a tacit agreement not to run up big scores on one another's teams—a scheme which obviously has nothing to do with sport for sport's sake, but does keep the scores close enough to draw crowds and keep the coaches' jobs safe.

The coaches of another highly successful sectional group do just the opposite: they try anything to keep the touchdowns coming and keep up the circus quality of the entertainment. Chief exponent of this so-called razzle-dazzle play is Coach Dutch Meyer of Texas Christian. "I believe the fans want a team that will go places," he says. "They'd chase us out into the sagebrush if we tried to feed 'em defensive football for nothing-to-nothing ties."

NOW, these football coaches, on the whole, are a fine lot of men. Under normal conditions, their influence on their young charges would be of the best. But since their personal income depends directly or indirectly on the number of customers they attract to the box office—in some cases, it is believed, their contracts actually involve a cut of the team's cash intake—their influence must be figured as largely on the commercial side.

In fact, pressure on the coach from publicity-loving college presidents and interest-loving college bankers may, and sometimes does, lead to his putting undue pressure on the boys in his care. That the players themselves are rebelling against it was indicated by the dismissal of one famous coach after thirty-five members of his 1939 squad—only three refused to sign the petition!—had accused him of violating the rules limiting length of practice sessions, of encouraging them to neglect their studies, and threatening them with loss of spare-time employment if they didn't deliver the goods.

Another common method of hopping up the gate receipts is arranging "set-up" schedules against weak teams. But the most common method of all is to hire a press agent.

In the East, very little money is spent in paid advertising; in the West, college teams are often advertised by billboards rivaling those that publicize cereals and beer. The direct advertising bills of southern California colleges, for example, must run into thousands each season.

More typical of the press agent's procedure have been the various types of radio hook-ups. And to the press agent, of course, are due the "stunts" on the field which have done so much to rob the big games of the atmosphere of athletic contests and clothe them in the spangles of the circus. Most press-agent stunts feature the development of college bands into organizations of symphonic proportions, the training of highly acrobatic cheer leaders, and the use of bare-legged co-eds as cheer leaders and drum majors.

IN football press-agentry, as in football proselyting, however, these relatively harmless, out-in-the-open activities pale in importance beside the undercover work. A press agent cannot get maximum results without an outstanding personality on whom to center public interest. Sometimes the football coach suffices. Nicknames like Hurry-Up Yost, Pop Warner, Gloomy Gil Dobie—to mention three old-timers—have always been good for publicity. But coaches, as fodder for the press agent's guns, don't compare with a star football player who has personality, or who can be endowed with it.

It's a cold-blooded business, really. The coach selects the man whom he considers the most promising player, and builds his offensive in such a way that this boy has a chance to shine in the early games. If, in the course of the season, a player of equal skill develops, he is not allowed—except in tight games—to steal the spotlight from the star. Meanwhile the press agent has gone to work on the chosen box-office attraction. If he is detected in saying anything fairly bright, wisecracks are invented and pinned on him until he becomes the wit of the century. If he has a flair for the eccentric and the spectacular, he is promptly dubbed the Dizzy Dean of Football.

In any case, mimeographed stories extolling him are issued to editors and broadcasters; photographs are taken in silly postures, with and without "best girls," and cuts furnished to newspaper art departments; special stories are written on request; lunches, dinners, parties are given. And all this costs money.

Consider, then, the case of Bill De Correvont, who brought his build-up with him, who was as sure-fire at the box office as Mickey Rooney. No wonder that Lynn Waldorf's fellow coaches envied Lynn, that football-conscious America waited for the great day when De Correvont would play for Northwestern.

Then the thing happened.

De Correvont *did* play for North-

western—and got absolutely nowhere. He threw his passes; they were intercepted or not completed. He kicked his punts; they were blocked or returned for huge enemy gains. He hit the line; the holes through which he must plunge were not opened for him. He tried the ends; his interferers were not interfering. Try what he would, he was stopped in his tracks or thrown for a loss.

It was not until late in the season, and late in one game, when darkness covered the field, that the great De Correvont got away for one of his long, swinging, zigzagging runs down the side lines for a touchdown.

A disappointed, embittered boy hung up his uniform after the season's last game. He knew what they were saying about him, those thousands who had once cheered him on to victory. They were saying he had "laid an egg."

Well, *somebody* had. But no one who had watched the boy in practice could believe that the fault was his. And no one who knew Lynn Waldorf and his record believed that it was Lynn's fault, either.

A lot of drivel was written about the coach keeping his star player back "for his own good," so that he wouldn't get a swelled head. The fact is, Waldorf is a friendly realist who knows that the way to build character in a young man is not to humiliate him publicly, to turn his enthusiasm into bitterness. Waldorf knows, too, that he got his own present position, succeeding the great Northwestern hero Hanley, because Hanley was losing and he was winning, and he knows he will keep it only so long as he keeps on winning.

There is only one other explanation of what happened or failed to happen at Evanston last year. It is an ugly one. It has been denied by all concerned, and it is difficult to prove; but on the record it cannot be disproved.

LET me illustrate by turning again to professional football. In 1937 Whizzer White was as famous in intercollegiate athletics as Bill De Correvont was in interscholastic. The country's highest scorer, White averaged more than seven yards gain every time he carried the ball. The Pittsburgh Pirates offered him $15,000 to play eleven professional games in 1938. He worked harder than any other professional footballer in the league—but after six games had been played, and he had carried the ball twice as often as any other back, it was found that he was gaining only two and a half yards to a play.

In White's case the explanation was openly stated and generally accepted that some of his less publicized and less paid teammates, feeling their chance of higher future earnings endangered by his fame and brilliance, simply did not cooperate with him. Consequently Whizzer "ran his own interference."

That such a thing could happen in professional sport is regrettable but not anything to get excited about. That it might happen in college sport is, or should be, the long awaited go signal for a housecleaning.

In the old days of prosperity, any good player on any good college football team was sure of a good job immediately upon graduation. Grateful old grads opened the business gates to their alma mater's faithful sons. Today the only chance the college player has to earn dividends on his years of football drudgery is to get a job as a professional player or coach. Those jobs are few. They go only to the outstanding men.

A boy must be a De Correvont, a Whizzer White, to get one of those $15,000 salaries as player or coach. Why should he help build up the boy beside him to his own disadvantage? Why shouldn't he sell his soul for a job and a chance to get married and get a start in life, when the college presidents and college trustees and graduate athletic managers have already sold theirs for a mess of concrete stadia and frozen bank loans? Of course he *shouldn't*, but that is no guaranty that he won't.

We cannot expect to have honest college football until we take away the temptations to put commercialism above sport.

The time has come to give the expensive stadia back to the bankers who built them—the game back to the boys who play it!

THE END

Men with tough beards—tender skin!
Use these new Thin Gillettes—and grin!
You look well-groomed—shave in a flash.
At four for ten you save real cash!
SAVINGS
Top quality at rock-bottom price
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 for 10c
8 for 19c
The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

Bayard Veiller saw his first theatrical performance at the age of ten, and from then on, whether the family lived in New York, Boston, or Chicago, he attended the theater whenever he could. After seeing Henry Irving and Ellen Terry he decided that backstage was where he wanted to be—not as an actor but as a dramatist. The first play he tried to sell went to Augustin Daly, famous producer, who rejected it with a letter full of good advice. Veiller took the producer's words to heart and decided to learn something more about life and find out how to write better English before trying any more plays.

His father, who was a broker, wanted his son to follow in his footsteps, and put him in charge of a branch office soon after the young man left college in his sophomore year. But Veiller, Jr., wanted to write, and, after a bitter argument with his father, got a job as a reporter on the New York World. He was assigned to many famous murder trials, became familiar with the Tenderloin district, and was finally sent to Chicago, as the World's special correspondent. There he met Henry De Mille, father of Cecil. Although busy with the rehearsal of one of his plays, Mr. De Mille took time out to give Veiller valuable advice on playwriting. The would-be dramatist hoarded the advice, although he could not put it into practice at once, because in order to eat it was necessary for him to stay close to his job.

However, he didn't have the job long. He rode in a horse race in which newspapermen were the jockeys. He came in first and won a gold watch—which turned out to be plated—and $4,000 in bets which he had placed on himself. When he got back to his office, he found this telegram: "Come home. You're discharged."

Then Hanrahan saw pass the woman he was living with, who knew about the murder and might have talked —but hadn't. She was handcuffed to a detective.

THE Fun I'VE HAD

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART THREE—WHEN T. R. TOOK OVER IN NEW YORK

AFTER all, the World did a great deal for me. My wages had climbed from fifteen dollars a week to thirty-five. I knew intimately all the police-court judges and where they lived and other places where they could be found. I was a moderately good reporter with a great many invaluable acquaintances, all of whom were more or less sources of news. I knew most of the thieves in the Tenderloin. I knew the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage and Bishop Potter and Steve Brodie, who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge. I had interviewed Jay Gould and J. P. Morgan. I had been present at trials in which Joseph H. Choate had appeared, and had listened to his keen brilliant oratory and seen the devastating effect of his questions, which were backed by a knowledge of law and of human nature.

And at that time all had seemed the run-of-the mill happenings in any reporter's life. But fifty years puts a fine perspective on these things. It was training. Out of the hurly-burly of these years, the court reporting, the speeches of great lawyers, the heavy, somber ruling of moderately good judges proved of great value. It all helped enormously when I came to playwrighting. My contacts with the police made Within the Law possible.

The confession scene in Within the Law came almost word for word from a third-degree trick practiced by Inspector Byrnes, and the legal points which were the basis for the play came from personal observation in the courts of New York. . . . And these experiences stood me in even better stead when I wrote The Trial of Mary Dugan.

Since this record has no continuity and I make no pretenses of great accuracy as to dates, preferring to dwell on people and events, I now come eagerly to Theodore Roosevelt. Our contact lasted a long time.

When Roosevelt was campaigning

Famous names, great events! A vivid, stirring record of colorful yesterdays

BY BAYARD VEILLER

on the McKinley ticket, one of the burning issues was the silver question. The country had been ringing with William J. Bryan's Cross of Gold speech. The West claimed the free coinage of silver was the panacea for all our ills. Roosevelt stalked down the center aisle of a packed hall in Denver, his coattails flying, his black slouch hat swinging in his hand, thrusting his way through literally thousands of men raging and screaming for the free coinage of silver. He reached the stage and turned and faced that mob. There were hisses and catcalls and jeers. Then Roosevelt waved his arms, got silence, and snarled into the faces of those men: "I'm for gold!" That's the Roosevelt I knew. At least, one of the Roosevelts I knew. I knew a dozen Theodore Roosevelts.

One day in the Jefferson Market Police Court I was listening to ordinary cases, and a man came tearing in from Sixth Avenue. He wore a black frock coat, a turndown collar, very low, carried a black slouch hat in his hand, and his coattails flared out behind him as he rushed down the center aisle. The court itself was separated from the benches reserved for spectators by an iron railing with a gate in it. Lounging at this gate was a smooth and very efficient police officer. As the stranger reached this gate, the officer thrust out his arm to stop him. He didn't even think it was worth while to look up as he said, "Well, what do you want?" Then he turned and saw glaring at him through his thick glasses the new Police Commissioner, who had been appointed two days before. With a muttered, "Come in, Commissioner. Come in, sir," his trembling hands opened the gate and Roosevelt sailed past.

The Colonel wanted to know where the reporters were. There were six or seven of us on him instantly, and we drifted into the room used by the agents for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. When we went into the room, Roosevelt said, "Somebody shut the door, will you, please?" and he turned and faced us.

"My name's Roosevelt," he said, and not one of us spoke to him. We merely waited to see what he wanted, what he had to say. In the crowd of reporters that day was "Deacon" Terry. There was nothing he didn't know about reporting — competent, efficient, humorous. There was an awkward little pause, and then Terry said very quietly, "I saw in the papers you'd been appointed Police Commissioner." The Colonel and I laughed over that a good many times in later days. He said once, "I felt exactly as if some one had kicked me in the belly."

Then the Colonel began to talk, biting out his words: "I understand that the cops over here are not getting fair treatment. I'd like that to stop. I don't want to fight with you boys, but I'd like that to stop."

And another of the reporters said, "Colonel, they get exactly what they deserve. We don't like lying cops, and we don't like cops who bring in beaten up prisoners, and we don't like cops who live on streetwalkers."

Roosevelt shouted, "No, by heaven, neither do I! I'm not asking you to do anything about that. All I'm asking is fair treatment, because I'm a cop now myself, and I'm going to make it a point to see that the cops get what they deserve."

He got up and started to go, and said, "That's all I wanted to say to you—except this: The cops have got nothing to conceal. They've got no favors to ask. I have no favors to ask. If you see a brutal cop, tell the people about it. Tell me about it. I'll show him what brutality is, if he wants to know.

"Now, then," he went on, "it's your turn!"

And we told him. We told him definitely and simply he'd get just exactly what any other cop would get. Then he grinned some more and we all shook hands.

FROM time to time the Police Commissioner would wander into Jefferson Market Police Court. Occasionally there would come a message from him to the reporters over there. Once in a while, if William Travers Jerome happened to be there, he'd wander in to talk to him.

I remember, one day when they were talking, Roosevelt suddenly laughed and called for me to come over. We talked and talked, and the reporters hovered and hovered. To the onlooker it was clearly a conference of almost national importance. Jerome was so earnest, emphasizing his points with a fist hammering on his desk.

And this was the conference: Jerome was boasting that on the previous Sunday he had ridden a hundred miles on his bicycle. Clearly the Colonel didn't believe it and frankly accused him of boasting. Jerome told him he could prove it. That's why I was in the conference.

"As a matter of fact, Colonel," I said, "it was one hundred and ten miles, and I know Judge Jerome did it, because I rode it with him."

Eventually I left that court and was shifted to Police Headquarters. I was working on the Mail and Express, and at Headquarters, working side by side with me, were Jacob A. Riis, on the Evening Sun, that studious fine Danish gentleman for whom schools have been named, and a pugnacious little devil with a pointed beard and a shock of tousled hair, the muckraker of all muckrakers, Lincoln Steffens, who represented the sedate Evening Post.

And there were controversies. It was in the days of the four-headed Police Commission, bipartisan. Roosevelt and Colonel Frederick Dent Grant, son of the great general, were the Republicans, and from the Democratic trenches, John R. Voorhis and a man named Parker.

The great Byrnes, caught between

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the two factions and with the repercussions of the devastating Lexow investigations still echoing, had resigned and taken himself with quiet dignity to his house on Fifty-eighth Street, just off Fifth Avenue. This doesn't mean that Byrnes was directly involved in any of that filthy mess the Lexow Committee had stirred up. He had passed through terrific cross-examinations and, as I recall it, to all questions about his finances had explained that he got his money in Wall Street. It could very well have happened. Think for a minute what the Goulds, the Sages, and all that host of multimillionaire gamblers owed to this big Irishman. Bank robberies had ceased. Byrnes had made Wall Street safe. Crooks were stopped at John Street. Police Headquarters had established a Wall Street Bureau out of which came well dressed, quiet, well mannered detective sergeants who saw to it that finance was unmolested.

One of these men was "Camera-Eye" Sheridan, who never forgot a crook's face or a twisted ear or a missing finger. In those days we had neither the Bertillon system nor fingerprinting, so "Camera-Eye" Sheridan was an important man.

All of this work had been planned by Byrnes and brought to a very high state of development by him. The man was a great cop, a great advertiser, and a very poor politician. At the height of his career he wielded an unbelievable power—big, burly, deep-voiced, slouching through his work, his massive head topped by a derby hat, and his mustache covering—I don't know what his mustache covered. As I think back, I don't believe I ever saw what kind of mouth Inspector Byrnes had. I expect it was pretty cruel.

I CAN'T vouch for this story, but in those days it was current, and we believed it, and Byrnes never denied it and neither did George Gould. Byrnes was a guest at Delmonico's at a big dinner one night.

During his speech George Gould took a humorous fling at Byrnes. On his way home that night, riding on his own elevated railway, Mr. Gould's pocket had been picked. A very handsome heavily embossed gold watch with his initials on it had disappeared, and Gould was having a very good time with the inspector.

His speech caused a good deal of laughter, and suddenly he turned around to speak to Byrnes. But the inspector had disappeared. He was in a private room upstairs talking to Police Headquarters, and as a result of that conversation every pawnshop in New York was opened inside of fifteen minutes. In half an hour Byrnes wandered back into the room, walked up to Mr. Gould, made him stand up, and made a very gay little presentation speech as he gave Mr. Gould his own watch. Gould was delighted and embarrassed. Byrnes rather took the play away from the financier and said, "Mr. Gould, let me give you a word of advice. Don't ride on them elevated trains."

But that was the beginning of a friendship which lasted a great many years and might account very well for the fortune which Byrnes undoubtedly possessed at the time of his death.

I hate to leave the cops.

I think of Petrosini, head of the Black Hand Squad, squatty, pock-marked, with a wide grin and a courage beyond all measurement, plodding through murder case after murder case, singlehanded fighting the Mafia. Not content with this, he went alone to Italy. He wanted the leaders. The last thing he said was, "I'll bring them back or I won't come home." He didn't come home. His body was brought back in a coffin.

And there was my friend James K. Price, captain in the Tenderloin. He was the homeliest man I have ever seen—and a fighter. His looks were a source of great amusement to him. Great numbers of times I've seen him at the station house in citizen's dress, when some agitated woman would report the theft of a purse or any of the hundred and one minor crimes that take place in the streets, and all of the men locked up in the prison would be lined up for identification, Price standing among them. Price was always picked out as the criminal. He said to me once, "You can't believe a woman when it comes to identifying anybody. Not once in a hundred times are they right."

The law didn't mean very much to Price, either. I don't mean that he was a lawbreaker, but there were a great many times when he went into places that called for a warrant, and the only warrant he had was his No. 11 right shoe with which he kicked open the front door. His raids on houses of ill fame were famous. I remember one case in particular, where he had kicked open a door which had seemed strongly fastened with political bars, and dragged the keeper and all her girls into court.

When Price stepped up to press his charges, he was faced by a battery of lawyers. Their leader turned on him:

"Captain, did you have a warrant to enter this house?"

"You don't have to have warrants to get into houses of ill fame."

"You mean, captain, that they opened the door and let you in?"

"No," said Price. "I kicked open the door. Listen, counselor. I didn't have a warrant and I didn't have any orders from downtown. I knew it was a house of prostitution, and I kicked my way in and I arrested them." There was a short pause, and then with a deadly snarl Price went on, "I didn't have a latchkey like—"

They knew what was coming. They knew that in another minute Price would name the politician who was the lover of the madam.

"That's all, captain. No more questions," said the lawyer hurriedly.

"Case dismissed," said Paddy Divver, the police-court judge.

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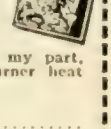

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And that's the way those things were handled in the good old days.

In the days when Byrnes was in full power, he started the famous third degree. Now, in the general mind, as I gather from time to time, the idea of the third degree is that it is a method of beating the prisoner with a rubber hose, which leaves no bruises. Byrnes' third degree was something entirely different.

There was a man named Hanrahan—and if that's not his name, it's near enough—who had shot and killed and robbed a wine dealer on West Twenty-eighth or Twenty-ninth Street. There were no real clues, but after four or five weeks he was suddenly arrested and brought down to Police Headquarters. And, in those days, back of Byrnes' office was a sort of court which led to the cells downstairs, so that any one sitting in a certain position in that office could look through the windows and see what was happening in the courtyard.

Hanrahan was put in a chair facing the windows. The shades had already been pulled up. Byrnes sat at his desk writing—his back to the windows, facing the prisoner. There was an ugly and a short pause, and then Hanrahan said, "Well, now, inspector—" Byrnes didn't look up. He just said, "I'll talk to you in a moment." Then suddenly he made his pen scratch as he wrote. That was the only sound to be heard in the office. Occasionally there was a nervous cough from the man under arrest. And then across the courtyard below Hanrahan saw pass before his frightened eyes, one after the other, first the woman he was living with, who knew about the murder and might have talked—but hadn't. She was handcuffed to a detective. And then his best friend, who knew about the murder, and he hadn't talked either. And one by one he saw his friends dragged to cells, and all that was heard was the scratching of Inspector Byrnes' pen. And, as the last man passed, Byrnes threw his pen down on the desk and said, "Now!" And the man confessed.

Years later this scene was the big confession scene in Within the Law, which brought me a great deal of praise for my inventiveness in devising a scene which could not possibly have happened.

Aside from writing a one-act play, nothing much happened to me just then. I took the play to Rose Coghlan, who was at that time one of the most important actresses in America. She was very sweet about it. When I came into the room, she said to me, "Do you know why I'm seeing you about this silly play?" I said I didn't. "Well," said Miss Coghlan, "there are two reasons. First, because it's the worst play I ever read in my life; and secondly, because your dialogue is very real, and I wanted to tell you not to pay any attention to what any one says, but to keep on writing."

And figuratively she patted me on the head and sent me away.

My next effort as a dramatist was another one-act play, which I took to Richard Mansfield, and he was nice to me. He didn't like the play, naturally, and told me so; and just as I was going out the door he called after me and said, "Young man, I don't remember your name, but keep on writing." So, you see, up to now no one had liked anything I had written and every one told me to keep on writing. So I'll make a confession about that. I have never written a play that any one liked when they read it. Within the Law was refused by every manager in New York. It hadn't a chance. The Thirteenth Chair no one liked except William Harris, who produced it, and myself. And even my agent refused to send The Trial of Mary Dugan to any managers. I have just finished another play which no manager seems to like, and I'm very happy about that.

Are today's actors and actresses as good as those of yesteryear? Next week Mr. Veiller gives his opinion on the comparative merits of such people as Katharine Cornell, Sarah Bernhardt, John Barrymore, Mansfield, Booth, and others, and has some amazing comments to make on the movies and radio.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 38

1—Rudyard Kipling—but his was the "true" swastika, with the bars going in the opposite direction from the Nazi emblem, which is an inverted swastika. Nor were his ideas anything like those of the Nazis.

2—The best explanation, according to scholars, is that the doornail was the nail on which the door knocker banged. As it was hit on the head so often, the doornail was assumed to be as dead as anything could ever be.

3—Eighteen.

4—Nothing. They were chosen as the distress signal because of their simplicity—three dots, three dashes, and three dots.

5—Yes. The Seminole Indians, who now live in the Florida Everglades, have never formally surrendered to the government, and continue to live under the tribal laws of the Seminole nation.

6—That is the second name used by an actor on the program when he is playing two parts in the same show.

7—Dick Whittington, who received a fortune from the King of Morocco because his cat killed the mice with which the king was troubled.

8—No—only during the last ten days of Congress. A bill becomes law in ten days, excluding Sundays, if the President does not sign it. But if Congress adjourns before the ten days are up, it does not become law without his signature. So the President has this pocket veto power for the last ten days only.

9—Sixty. (Seventy-five is diamond also.)

10—The Dionne quintuplets became six years old on May 28.

11—They have been flying planes from the factories to the various airports in England, where the planes are turned over to the regular force.

12—They are the Seven Hills of Rome.

13—It reads the same backward as forward.

14—All are mammals.

15—Yes; it protects oysters during the breeding season. This appears to be the only good sense in the saying, however, for scientists declare oysters are as edible in these months as in any others.

16—This is the nickname for the Bank of England, located on Threadneedle Street in London.

17—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

18—He hanged himself.

19—Yes—and a good deal farther. On the average, the sun is 92,900,000 miles from the earth. According to the latest World Almanac, there are more than 168,500,000 miles of telephone wires.

20—Mary Martin, who became an overnight success when she sang My Heart Belongs to Daddy in the show, Leave It to Me.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

CONSTANCE LEE SMITH, an artist who thinks things out, has decorated the bridal suite of our big new United States liner America with pictures of ducks.

"There are several reasons," she told me, "why I consider ducks appropriate to honeymoon cabins for seagoing newlyweds. In the first place, a mated duck always sticks close to her drake. I observed this felicity while studying ducks around Chesapeake Bay, when some duck-hunting Marylanders commissioned me to paint murals for their homes. So I decided that *ducks* would be right down my alley for the bridal-suite job on the America. It also occurred to me that young husbands of the luxury class adore duckhunting, and that nearly all girls are of the opinion that ducks look cute."

Against a beautiful background of aluminum leaf—color of antique silver—Constance Smith has mingled her ducks with orchids and sumptuous bon-voyage baskets. White bullrushes add to the beachlike atmosphere, and brilliant green touches are echoed in the furnishings. Every native variety of wild duck is represented. There are mallards, canvasbacks, redheads, goldeneyes, etc.—even the lesser scaup!

The bridal suite on the America seems to me more tasteful than anything of the kind I ever have seen. Let's hope it may steady some rich young couples embarking upon life's voyage with all the ports of happiness open to their call.

Ducks ahoy!

☆ At a suburban country club I became acquainted with a venturesome damsel of divorce who has been terrorizing wives right and left by her successful man snatching. Yet her social standing remains intact, and I wondered how she kept it so. She explained with cool cynicism. "The really nice, intelligent women," she said, "are the ones who do the most for me. As long as I don't compromise myself too openly, they protect my reputation because they can't afford to let any one think they're jealous of me or afraid of me."

Isn't that *bloodcurdling?*

☆ September's finest fruit, in many regions of our continent, is the fresh peach. Here are three good ways to serve hot cooked peaches: (1) For breakfast, sprinkle halved fresh peaches with brown sugar and salt; fry in pan with bacon. (2) For a slimming lunch, dust halves of fresh peaches with cinnamon or nutmeg and broil under flame alongside French lamb chops. (3) *Curried Peaches* for supper, with cold sliced chicken, fried eggplant, and India chutney: Cut solid ripe fresh peaches in half; remove stones and fill each center with ½ teaspoon butter creamed with 1 teaspoon sugar, scant ¼ teaspoon ginger, scant ¼ teaspoon curry powder. Bake 20 minutes in moderate oven. These curried peaches are also excellent with cold veal or lamb.

☆ True story told by a war-correspondent friend of mine just back from Europe: "One night we were at a little hotel in a French village when the alarm sounded. German bombers! Our blackout was supposed to be complete, but some one on the top floor of our hotel had left a window insecurely curtained, so that a light showed. We ran upstairs and crashed into the room, swearing furiously at its occupant, a tall officer in British uniform. Apologizing for his absent-mindedness, he hurried to fix the curtains. We were astonished to recognize him as the Duke of Gloucester, young brother of Britain's king. He had been seated at a bare wood table, on which was a framed photograph of his wife, brewing tea for himself over an alcohol lamp."

☆ War is inflicting a different sort of blackout on wholesale dress manufacturers in this country. Because of the war, they can't see how our feminine silhouette is going to shape up for the coming season. . . . "It's driving us crazy," one leading wholesaler declared to me. "We have always depended," he said, "on the big Paris designers to get together at the beginning of each season and decide what the general trend will be. But now they are scattered all over the world, and *we're* in the dark. We don't dare guess whether skirts will be short or long, waistlines low or high, shoulders square or sloping, or any erratic details of the kind which can blow our year's business to bits if we foresee them wrong."

Too bad, too bad—but that's what they get for being ruled by foreign fashion, say I. Should long ago have learned the wisdom of creating independent American styles.

☆ Necessity's other child is *Chic* — Invention being the one you know about already. Mothered by wartime's necessity for economizing on all forms of paper, it is *chic* now in London to write private letters on a single sheet that folds up and makes its own envelope. The vogue for these note sheets has just landed here.

Very smart in deep blue edged with red, or in olive green edged with white.

"Now you're not going to drop any bombs?"

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★ ★ ★ PASTOR HALL

THE PLAYERS: Wilfrid Lawson, Nova Pilbeam, Seymour Hicks, Marius Goring, Brian Worth, Percy Walsh, Lina Barrie, Eliot Makeham, Peter Cotes, Edmund Willard, Hay Petrie, Bernard Miles. Screen story by Leslie Arliss, Anna Reiner, and Haworth Bromley from a story by Ernst Toller. Directed by Roy Boulting. Produced by John Boulting-Charter Films. Released by James Roosevelt-United Artists. Running time, 98 minutes.

THIS first release by James Roosevelt is a documentary film carrying its measure of dynamite. The first film production by the President's son is not a motion picture of his own making; it represents, instead, the American release of an English-made production. Developed from a story by the German dramatist, Ernst Toller, it is based on the experiences of the Protestant minister, Pastor Niemoller, who, at last reports, was still in a Nazi concentration camp.

Here you have the bitter tragedy of Pastor Hall, who ministers to his flock in the sleepy German town of Altdorf. Come the Storm Troopers. In no time the minister clashes with the Nazis, lands in a concentration camp. Here the followers of Hitler are pictured as practicing the most degrading and terrifying brutalities. But the pastor escapes, returns to his pulpit, preaches one last sermon against the Nazis to his stunned congregation, walks out of the little church to face the Storm Troopers, waiting behind their rifles in the street outside.

Not entertainment but violent propaganda, for Pastor Hall is a provocative shocker. Best of the cast is Wilfrid Lawson as the minister who fights Hitlerism single-handed to his last breath. For all their make-up, the German characters have strong British accents. Which doesn't help.

Pastor Hall carries a prologue delivered by Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

VITAL STATISTICS: Pastor Niemoller, upon whose experiences the story is based, was a one-time U-boat commander who became a Protestant minister. His anti-Hitler views put him in a concentration camp. The American Commission for German Christian Refugees, of which Harry Woodburn Chase, chancellor of New York University, is head, was trying to secure Niemoller's release when the total war broke. Niemoller hasn't been heard of since. . . . When James Roosevelt considered buying the American distribution rights, he is said to have shown the picture to his mother, who urged him to go ahead. He was warned that it might never make a cent—but he secured the rights. Then Mrs. Roosevelt posed for the spoken foreword, which was written by dramatist Robert E. Sherwood. . . . Wilfrid Lawson is now flying with the British Royal Air Force. Lawson is thirty-seven, specializes in characters from forty-five to eighty. Real name Worsnop, and he was born in Bradford, York-

Frank Albertson, Stuart Erwin, Broderick Crawford, Brian Donlevy, and Andy Devine in a tense scene in When the Daltons Rode.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

James Roosevelt's first in the films is grim propaganda

shire, England. . . . Jimmie Roosevelt's first original movie production will be a lot different from Pastor Hall. It will be based on the popular Horace Heidt broadcast, Pot o' Gold, and will be a drama built about the weekly radio feature which gives away a thousand dollars to a phone subscriber somewhere in America.

★★ WHEN THE DALTONS RODE

THE PLAYERS: Randolph Scott, Kay Francis, Brian Donlevy, George Bancroft, Andy Devine, Broderick Crawford, Stuart Erwin, Frank Albertson, Mary Gordon, Harvey Stephens, Edgar Deering, Quen Ramsey, Dorothy Grainger, Bob McKenzie, Fay McKenzie, Walter Soderling, Mary Ainslee, Erville Alderson, Sally Payne, June Wilkins, Edgar Buchanan. Screen play by Lester Cole and Stuart Anthony, based on a book by Emmett Dalton and Jack Jungmeyer, Sr. Directed by George Marshall. Produced by Universal. Running time, 80 minutes.

A ROUGH-RIDING Western, full of action and hold-ups, picturing the career of the Daltons, Kansas farm boys who took to their horses and their guns when they felt that the law, in grabbing their land, had done them wrong. From that moment they were hunted men who gave the frontier authorities of the '90s plenty of excitement, what with breaking into banks and out of jails, holding up trains, settling feuds on the spot with six-shooters. After the Daltons bit the dust under fire in a street battle, Emmett Dalton survived twenty bullets and fourteen years in prison to write his memoirs, about which this picture was made. It's a broad free-and-easy version of the ex-bandit's yarn, with Andy Devine inserted to lighten the carnage.

Even with able George Marshall, who recently made Destry Rides Again, as director, even with the Dalton trigger boys played by such excellent actors as Brian Donlevy and Broderick Crawford, the result is just fast-moving Western melodrama, with little characterization or ingenuity. Romance is in the hands of Randolph Scott and Kay Francis. This appearance of svelte, sophisticated Miss Francis as a simple Coffeyville railroad telegraph operator, parading in Mother Hubbards, is tops in 1940 miscasting.

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NEWS SITUATIONS!

		P.M.			P.M.
Baltimore	WBAL	8:00 E.S.T.	Los Angeles	KHJ	7:30 P.S.T.
Boston	WAAB	9:00 E.D.T.	Minneapolis	KSTP	9:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo	WGR	10:00 E.D.T.	New York	WOR	9:00 E.D.T.
Chicago	WGN	8:00 C.D.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL	9:00 E.D.T.
Cleveland	WHK	8:00 E.S.T.	San Diego	KGB	7:30 P.S.T.
Detroit	WXYZ	8:00 E.S.T.	San Francisco	KFRC	7:30 P.S.T.
			St. Louis	KWK	7:00 C.S.T.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Our Town, The Baker's Wife, Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet.

★★★½—They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm, Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage.

★★★—The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen.

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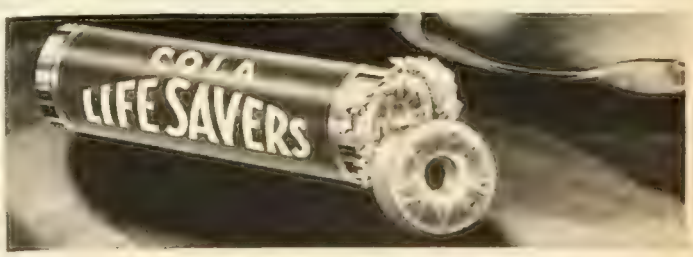

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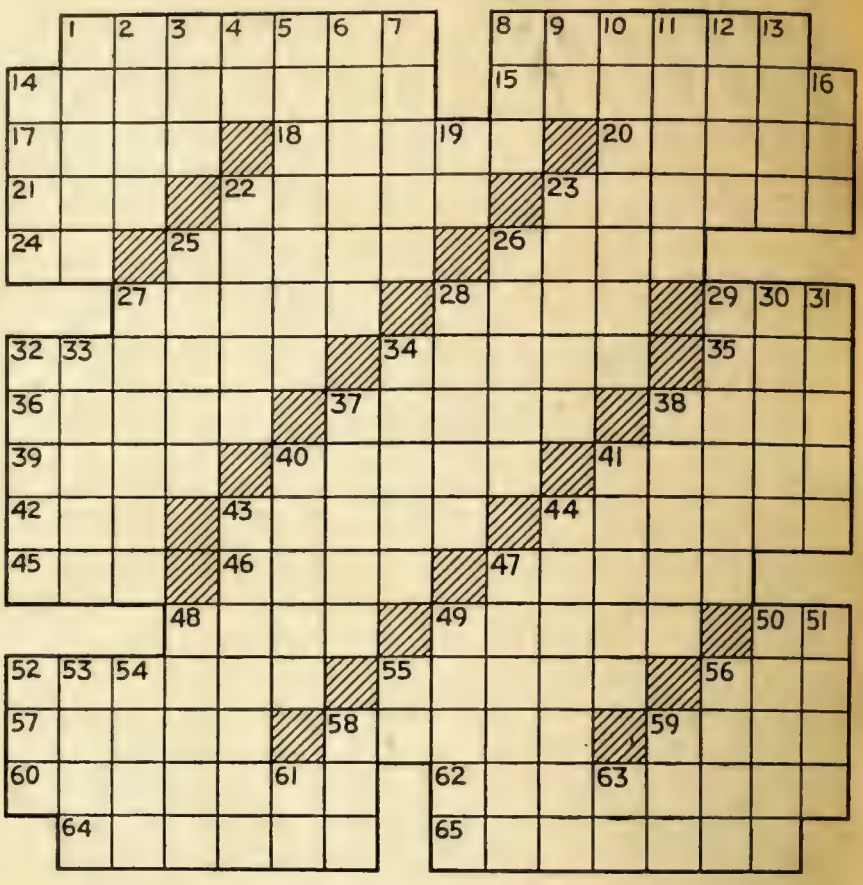
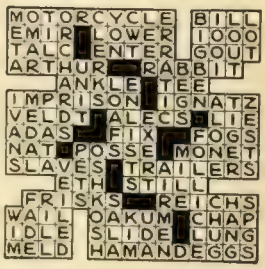
CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN



HORIZONTAL

1 Bullfighter
8 Judge's chamber
14 Recitation on a single note
15 The New World
17 Metal
18 Very wealthy man
20 Sweetheart
21 Peruse carefully
22 Summoned
23 Broadest
24 Printer's measure
25 Hostelry
26 Healthy
27 Meaner
28 Sport
29 Water barrier
32 Worshiped
34 Doctrine
35 Greek letter
36 Pierces, as with a horn
37 Relinquishes
38 Highlander
39 Genus of sheep
40 Give back
41 Part of a play
42 Color
43 Danger
44 Anglo-Saxon title (pl.)
45 Peer Gynt's mother
46 Old
47 Kind of cloth
48 Interjection
49 Swift
50 In a like manner
52 Opposite to the mouth (zool.)
55 Mountain nymph
56 Small bed



Last week's answer

57 Going to unreasonable lengths
58 Operatic solos
59 Summer residence of Turkish official
60 Gradual destruction of land, etc.
62 Secret
64 Lamented
65 Indicated

VERTICAL

1 Feeble-minded person
2 Soon
3 Measure of weight
4 By
5 Gave
6 Wild ass of Asia
7 Insurgent
8 Conveyance
9 Part of to be
10 A certain kind of clover
11 Corrode
12 Split
13 Playing card (pl.)
14 Rodent (pl.)
16 Skill
19 Alleged force
22 Postures
23 Part of Great Britain
25 Rabbits
26 Sweet syrupy substance
27 Compound of boron
28 Pertaining to a foot
29 Respectable
30 Make amends for
31 Companion (pl.)
32 Market place in ancient Greece
33 Pigeon (pl.)
34 Lukewarm
37 Roman goddess of the fields
38 Barely sufficient
40 Kingly
41 Started away from suddenly
43 Knight errant
44 Rebellion
47 Gratify
48 Get up
49 Cooked with fat in a pan
50 Substantial
51 Pertaining to the ear
52 Exist
53 Cry of certain animals
54 Musical instrument
55 Else
56 Concern
58 Conjunction
59 Nevertheless
61 Whirlwind off Faroe Islands
63 Preposition

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

WHO KILLED THIS WOMAN?

"Put the handcuffs back on him. He's getting violent again."

Thrills! A fascinating riddle reveals its amazing answer

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

SPIKE roamed about the apartment, smoking restlessly, casting quick expectant glances at the telephone. It rang about ten. He picked up the receiver.

"Yes?"

He listened, grinned, and pressed his hand over the mouthpiece while he called to Pug in the kitchen, "It's her."

Pug came to the door and frowned. "Look here; I'm goin' with you."

"No, no," Spike protested. "You might cramp her style."

"Yeah, I know. That's just what I'm goin' for. I don't trust that jane. She'd slit your throat at the drop of a hat."

"You misjudge her. She'd slit it before."

Pug just stood there for a moment and looked at Spike. Then he shrugged his shoulders again and walked off. "O. K. by me if you're dead set on bein' a fool," he said. "I ain't your wife and six kids."

Patricia was waiting at the curb in a long low car. She was alone and she didn't proffer even a word of greeting as Spike joined her. She turned east and drove slowly through the half-lit streets in silence until the

BY HARRIETTE ASHBROOK

car came out along the low East River water front. Spike took out his cigarette case, offered it to her. She shook her head. He selected one and lit it. Mostly warehouses now, dark and deserted.

Suddenly she stopped the car. Her voice was a little breathless and a little pleading. "Who—what do you know?"

"Lots of things," he grinned. "Incidentally, that's a very bad opening on your part. You should make the other guy think you're the one who knows it all."

"Stop trying to be funny. It isn't funny any more."

"I'm sure it isn't," he agreed, and for the first time his voice matched hers in soberness. "In fact, it ceased to be funny years and years ago—even before you were born, I imagine. Isn't that right?"

"You—you jump to false conclusions."

"Such as?"

"You—" She fumbled. Then she burst out with her old passion: "I'm telling you what's so—*so*, do you understand — *so!*" There was a dreadful urgency in her voice. "Jeffrey Linscott murdered my mother."

"But then, who murdered your father?"

"That's what I'm trying to make you see. He murdered Prentice Ballinger too."

"And Adrienne Cachin and James P. Worts."

"Yes," she said. He could feel her watching him, boring through the darkness. "Yes, he did."

BUT tell me—why do you always refer to your late mother's husband as Prentice Ballinger—never as your father?"

"Because—" She hesitated and her voice was very low. "Because he wasn't—my father."

"No; I didn't think so. Who was?"

"It was—Jeffrey Linscott."

He nodded. "Yeah, that's the way I had it doped out—ever since that blood transfusion this morning. How long have you known?"

"About three years." She laughed—a short, bitter laugh. "Funny, the way I found out. I was seventeen. I thought it would be a good joke on Momma to make a pass at Jeff. I did, and then he told me. He thought it was a good joke on me."

"And since then you've been practicing a little plain and fancy blackmail on your mother."

"Yes."

"Nice work if you can get it. But how did you manage it—without cutting your own throat?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes, you do; but I'll explain anyway. You couldn't blackmail your mother with the knowledge of your illegitimate paternity, because that would be a two-edged sword. If you weren't Prentice Ballinger's daughter you wouldn't inherit a third of the Ballinger estate. You know that, of course, don't you?"

"Yes."

"But let's get back to the murder of your mother."

"Yes; let's get things straightened out. Here's how it was. Jeff had been a kept man for years. Then he got tired and found another girl—younger, richer. A week ago yesterday, that was Tuesday, he went to see Momma and told her he was quitting. There was a scene, and then she—she played her trump card. She threatened to turn him over to the police."

"What for?"

"He'd been forging checks on her for the last four or five years. But that wasn't the most important thing, of course."

"What was?"

"Why, the murder of Prentice Ballinger."

"What did Linscott have against Prentice Ballinger, that he should murder him?"

"Well, there was me, you know."

"You mean, Prentice Ballinger found out there was a forthcoming blessed event in which he had no part, and so he decided to get mean about it all?"

"Yes. Now is it plain to you?"

"Plain as day," he said slowly, "that you've been trying to frame a man with two murders he didn't commit. Jeffrey Linscott killed Worts and Adrienne Cachin, but he did not kill your mother or Prentice Ballinger. He—"

She gave the starter a bang and jerked the car into gear. They started off slowly. Presently she spoke, her voice heavily laden with sarcasm. "And now have you any other fanciful little theories?"

"Oh, plenty; only they aren't fanciful and they aren't theories. They're all backed up with proof—like this, for instance."

He drew forth from a pocket the passport he had taken from Linscott's coat. "Is this," he inquired innocently, "what you were looking for last night when I caught you in Linscott's apartment?"

She reached out an eager hand for the passport. Spike held it just beyond her reach, tantalizing.

"No, no, mustn't touch!" He put the passport back in his pocket. "I think a lot of that."

The car slowed down, stopped. She poked levers, punched gadgets. "There — there's something wrong with the car. It's the—the pet cocks up there under the hood. You've got to get out and—"

Spike got out. "Although I'm warning you, lady," he said as he bent over the mechanism, "that all I know about automobiles would—"

He never finished the sentence. There was a fierce pain, a blinding flash. Then—*blackout!*

THE boat rocked gently and the man in the bunk stirred. One hand groped impotently and his head rolled from side to side. In the dim flicker of the ship's lantern the cabin was full of shadows. Only the girl's bright hair as she sat beside the bunk seemed to catch and focus the light.

The man stirred again, and the girl looked at her watch. He opened his eyes. She went over to him, held a glass to his lips and raised his head. Whisky, neat and strong, scalded his throat. He sputtered and coughed, tried to sit up.

"Lie down." The girl's voice snapped. She took a cigarette from a package and lit it.

"I—could do with one of those myself"—weakly.

SHE proffered the packet. Spike started to reach for it, but his hand suddenly jerked back.

"What the—" There was the click of metal as he raised his arms. "Handcuffs!"

"Yeah," she said dryly. "Courtesy of the New York Police Department. I swiped 'em from Patrolman Brannan this afternoon up at the house. He was asleep."

He sank back against the pillows, helpless. "Wha—what's the idea?"

She settled herself more comfortably and took a long draw on her cigarette before she answered.

"Well," she said at last, "there wasn't anything really wrong with the pet cocks. I just wanted to get you in a position where I could maneuver with the wrench that was in the bottom of the car. After you went out I tried to drag you into the car, but you were pretty heavy, so I got a cop to lift you in. I told him you were drunk and had passed out on me. Then I drove down to the dock and the crew hauled you aboard."

"Just—a pal."

She was busy fiddling with some papers on the table in the middle of the cabin. There was a small portable typewriter, too.

"Belongs to the captain," she explained. "I had to write this letter. Would you mind signing it?"

She held out a typewritten sheet. "Perhaps I had better read it to you first."

"That would be kind of you," he said with heavy sarcasm. "Especially since it is something I'm supposed to sign."

She started to read:

"Dear Inspector: I'm walking out on you. I mean, I'm fed up with this whole Ballinger business. Especially since it's practically finished and might as well, I think, be officially closed. You know the confession Linscott made just before he died. He said, 'I—killed Worts and the maid, and I killed P—' And then he kicked off. Unfortunately, his strength didn't hold out long enough to finish what I feel sure he had on his mind.

"It's pretty obvious that he killed Prentice Ballinger twenty years ago and Moira Ballinger last week. The parallel in the two cases is too striking to be accidental. Twenty years ago Prentice Ballinger discovered his wife's liaison with Linscott and threatened to divorce her. So Linscott did her dirty work for her. He killed Prentice Ballinger. Last week he tried to get free from her

clutches and she threatened to bring up the old murder case. Then, too, there were the forged checks. So he killed her. Worts and the maid were cover-up jobs. And that, I think, is pretty much that. As I say, I'm fed up with the whole thing, and I'm leaving tonight with some friends for a three-months cruise. Just a couple of fellows and a little sailing boat and headed for no place in particular. Sorry I couldn't see you before I left, but the guys who own the boat are frothing at the mouth to get going.

"Yours . . ."

She laid the letter down. "If you'd like to sign it now, I'll unlock those handcuffs."

"Unlock 'em anyhow. You don't need to be afraid."

"Don't worry. I'm not in the slightest." She picked up a handbag from the table and took out a key and unlocked the handcuffs. He flung them off and chafed his numbed wrists. He poured himself another stiff drink of whisky. Gingerly he felt a lump on the back of his head.

"You might have killed me."

"I know. It runs in the family."

"Maybe that's what you intended. When did you decide to put me *hors de combat?*"

"This afternoon—after you talked to Sarah. I overheard everything at the keyhole. Then I knew you knew."

SHE looked at her watch. "It's three thirty. You're sailing at dawn. Let's not waste any more time." She handed him a fountain pen she had taken from her bag. "Do you sign this letter?"

"No, I don't sign it! Here, give me that letter!"

He lunged toward her, snatched at the piece of paper she held in her hand. She stepped back, dexterously eluding him. She darted to the far side of the cabin, to an electric call bell. She punched it twice. There was the heavy tramp of boots scrambling down a companionway and the door burst open. There were two of them, of a size reminiscent of Dempsey in his prime.

"Need help, lady?"

"Yes. Put the handcuffs back on him. He's getting violent again."

"O. K." So they put the handcuffs on him again. The exchange of remarks that went on between the two seamen and the brother of New York's District Attorney during the process was colorful but unprintable.

When they were through, all three men were panting—Spike with wrath and the two seamen in good-humored exertion. One of them tried to be comforting to Patsy. "It's all right. These hooch cases often get like this. Don't you worry. We'll look after him. You won't know him three months from now."

After the seamen had left, she turned back to the man on the bunk helplessly, angrily jerking the handcuff chains. "Sorry," she said, "but I had to do it."

"And where," he said, "do we go from here?"

SECRETARIES SURE COME SMART THESE DAYS

YOU'RE WRONG. The gal on his lap is not his secretary. It's his wife. She's admiring that smooth, fresh-feeling Barbasol Face his secretary told him to get. No harsh irritants in modern Barbasol to dry, tighten, coarsen the skin. Only bland ingredients that soothe the skin as well as soften the beard. Try Barbasol and see what wonders it works with your face in ten short days or so.

YOU'RE RIGHT. He does have tender skin but shaves with Barbasol—*with pleasure!* Here's the secret! Barbasol is modern. Soothing, cooling cream that it is, Barbasol does the job of old-fashioned preparations without raising ned with your skin. Quickest, cleanest, easiest, best-feeling shave you ever had. Try Barbasol and see. Three sizes: large tube, 25¢; giant tube, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades, 15¢.

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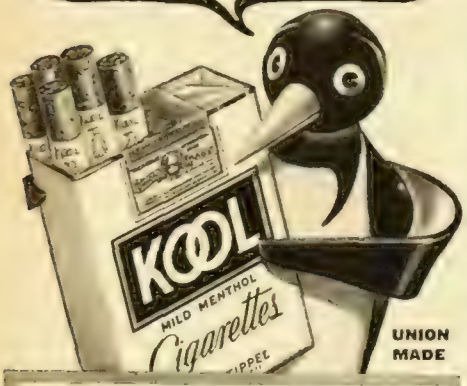

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"I'm going home presently. You're going on a journey."

"In a pine box, or do I just get chucked into the sea?"

"Neither one. You're going on this boat. It's a freighter, and I chartered her this evening before I picked you up in my car. I chartered her just in case, and it was a wise precaution. She's bound for San Francisco — via Cape Horn — and you're the sole cargo. You'll be out of the way for three months."

"Is this tub a windjammer or an oil burner?"

"Oil burner."

He laughed. "She'll have to put in to port for refueling, and then—" He made an eloquent gesture of escape with his still manacled hands.

"And then you'll jump ship." She laughed too. "Perhaps I'd better explain that for the time being you're supposed to be some one I'm frightfully in love with."

"This is what you might call so sudden."

"Yeah, I know; but don't let it wear you down. I've told the captain you're my fiancé, but that you're a confirmed dipsomaniac and I'm taking desperate measures to keep you away from liquor for three months. He has orders to confine you to your cabin when he puts into port for refueling. And that holds until you get to San Francisco. It's costing me plenty of dough."

"I should bust out crying over that. You know, don't you, that I can have you prosecuted for shanghaiing and kidnaping?"

"Yes—but I hardly think you will."

"I think," he said slowly, "you're forgetting something, my gal."

"Such as?"

"It has slipped your mind, apparently, that only this evening you confessed to me that you are not Prentice Ballinger's daughter."

"I know. I had to do it. I was trying to frame Jeff. I thought that might help."

BUT it didn't, because I saw right through the frame-up. You played your cards badly, Patsy. I've got you in the palm of my hand now."

"But I've got the key to the handcuffs." She patted her handbag complacently.

"For the time being, yes. But I take it that, since I'm not to be dumped into the sea, I'll eventually be released whole and intact."

"Yes, in three months. When you get to San Francisco."

"And what, my dear, is to prevent me from telling the world three months from now that you're not Prentice Ballinger's daughter, and therefore not entitled to a third of his estate? What is there to prevent me from doing that?"

"Nothing."

"And what is there to prevent me from returning to New York and telling Inspector Herschman all the things I should have told him these past ten days? What is there to prevent me from telling him the *real* truth of the Ballinger murder case?"

"Nothing."

He was striding up and down now, pacing the cabin as anger mounted. "Then why all this?"

"Three months from now—" She paused, and for the first time there was the hint of a break in her voice. "Three months from now I won't care what you say—about anything. Because"—her voice was almost a whisper — "because three months from now the person who murdered my mother will be—dead."

THERE were two portholes high up on one side of the cabin. They were open and the gray light filtered in. Then slowly it became rose-tinged . . . mauve . . . yellow . . . dawn.

And then the man sitting on the edge of the bunk began speaking softly and nodding his head slowly as if in confirmation of his own words. "Yes, that was it. That's the way I thought it might be. I'll tell you, and you check me where I'm wrong."

She nodded slowly—but she was puzzled.

"It was this way," he began. "One day twenty years ago your mother left Sarasota, Florida. She left on a Tuesday on the morning train. She was alone. She left her maid Adrienne behind because she didn't intend to stay in New York long—only long enough to have things out with her husband. His letters, perhaps, had become increasingly insistent. Certain rumors had reached his ears.

"She arrived in New York on Wednesday evening around seven o'clock. She checked her bags at the station and took a taxi to the house on East Eighty-fourth Street. She had her own key, so she did not ring. She went directly in and no servants saw her.

"He was there waiting for her. As soon as he saw her he knew the rumors he'd heard were true. She was going to have a child and he knew it couldn't possibly be his. Just to show her that he meant business Prentice Ballinger telephoned his lawyer and told him to be there the following morning at ten.

"She was in for scandal and publicity and ostracism. She would lose the Ballinger fortune. And if she lost that she would probably lose her hold on Jeffrey Linscott. And that she couldn't bear to contemplate. He was wandering already—in Europe just at that time. And so—"

He shrugged his shoulders at the obvious. Then he went on: "And so she waited there until he had gone to bed, and then she shot him. Afterwards she got panicky. And right then, I imagine, is where Aunt Ollie came in handy. There was a cool head needed, and it was on her shoulders."

He paused and looked at the girl sitting at the table. "Am I right?"

She hesitated, then nodded slowly. "Yes—but how did you know?"

"I *didn't*. I just figured it out. Like Adrienne Cachin did twenty

years ago. . . . Adrienne was a bright girl. She figured things out, and then she played a long shot in the dark, and it worked. To the tune of $63,000 in twenty years. How did *you* know?"

"I didn't. I just played a hunch, too. When Jeff told me I wasn't P. B.'s daughter, he said, 'Lucky for all of us the old boy committed suicide just when he did.' I got to thinking about it, and it seemed just a little too 'lucky.' So I did what Adrienne had done. I played a long shot in the dark. And it worked."

"Did you accuse your mother outright?"

"No. I wasn't sure of my ground myself, so I used hints, innuendo, insinuations. Soon she shelled out and I moved out."

"But if you never accused her point-blank how do you know that the theory I've just outlined is correct?"

"Aunt Ollie."

"Yeah; what did she tell you?"

He shot the question at her quickly. She didn't answer immediately. She eyed him with a slow, wary skepticism. Then something seemed to break within her. You could almost see it. Her shoulders slumped and some sustaining inner tautness gave way.

She began speaking slowly: "There were two servants in the house at the time, but they hadn't seen her come in and they didn't hear the shot. The walls are thick and they were in the basement, and Prentice Ballinger's room was on the second floor.

"The only other person in the house was Aunt Ollie. Her room was just above. She heard—she knew everything. She kept her head. She was the one who sneaked my mother out of the house and told her to reappear next day about noon as if she had just arrived in town. Aunt Ollie arranged it to look like suicide, and she wiped off all the surfaces of the room so there wouldn't be any of my mother's fingerprints around. That would have been a dead giveaway. She wasn't supposed to have arrived until the following morning."

AND then," Spike took up the narrative, "Pennypacker gummed the works. He thought Worts had done it. He knew Worts was sweet on Mattie. Well, he was—so much so that even though he suspected she'd murdered her husband he got the best of Pennypacker and his interference and got the investigation killed. Worts had rotten taste, but he was a decent guy. He seems to be the only one who didn't use what he knew for blackmail."

"Except on Jeff," she reminded him.

"Yeah, Jeff. Let's get back to him. I suspected from the disordered condition of the desk and the dresser drawers in your mother's room that some one had been hunting for something. When did he make the search?"

"That night—Tuesday night. He came to the house late. He was pretty well crocked. He had a key of his own, you know. He let himself in and went up to her room. It was dark and he was drunk. He used a flashlight—and he didn't notice—what was on the bed until he was almost through searching. Then he got scared. He knew his hands had been all over the place. So he got a towel out of the bathroom and began wiping everything up. It saved a lot of work." She paused. Then added the next sentence hesitantly: "Dave had been there before him."

"Yeah, Dave. He was there. He said so himself. But when?"

"Just before Jeff. He was crocked, too. Good and crocked. He'd nerved himself at last to come up and touch Momma for some cash. . . . He grabbed hold of the foot of the bed. Then he saw her."

"'Sure,'" Spike quoted. "'Plugged right through the brains. Sure. I know. I was there.' That had you worried when you heard it."

"Yes."

"But you kept it under your hat until Worts and Adrienne were knocked off."

SHE nodded. "I thought maybe Dave had gone off his nut. People do sometimes. He had good reason for killing Momma. I would have been all for him there. But Worts and Adrienne seemed to indicate a screw loose. So I went to Herschman's office, intending to tell him everything I knew, which wasn't much. You knew it too. And then—" The sentence snapped off short.

"And then," he continued, "you caught sight of the gun that killed Prentice Ballinger twenty years ago. It was the same gun that had killed your mother less than a week before. Tell me, where had you seen it before?"

After a moment she spoke, her voice no longer hard and crisp.

"It was the gun that had murdered Prentice Ballinger," she said slowly. "She'd loved Prentice Ballinger always, ever since those first days in some little town upstate. And she loved Prentice Ballinger's children. First there was Sidney, the little boy she'd given lessons to when he was only ten. And then Davie a few years later. And then me. She knew I wasn't his, but she loved me just the same. Maybe more. Maybe she felt sorry for me because he wasn't my father. She loved him that much. And so she was the only real mother his children ever had.

"My own mother didn't give a damn for anything in heaven or earth but her own rotten selfish desires. She ruined every life she ever touched. She ruined Aunt Ollie's life. Aunt Ollie might have had Prentice Ballinger herself if Momma hadn't taken him from her. She ruined his life. He was lucky he got shot. She even ruined Jeff's life, although she did get a good deal of co-operation there.

"And she was ruining the rest of us too. Sidney and Dave and me.

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She wouldn't give Sidney a cent—not even to save his business from complete ruin. She kicked out Dave and his wife. She was going to make 'em all wait until she died—wait and wait and wait, maybe for years. But I had a hold on her and she knew it. She couldn't ruin me—at least, she hadn't dared to try—until a week ago last Tuesday.

"Jeff came to the house in the afternoon. He tried to break it off. He told her about the Gillespie girl. She threatened him with those forged checks—her ace in the hole. He didn't even know she knew about 'em. And she'd been saving them up for years—just in case.

"When Jeff found himself cornered, he fought back. He said he'd tell the world that I was his child, that I wasn't Prentice Ballinger's. As if that meant anything to her. But they were both making wild, hysterical threats. She said she'd acknowledge I wasn't Prentice Ballinger's child, and she'd say he killed Prentice Ballinger twenty years before. Jeff said that wouldn't hold water because he could prove he wasn't even in the country at the time. He'd always had a sneaky suspicion she'd popped off her husband, so he'd always kept his passport that showed he was in France when it happened. It went on and on. And then—"

She broke off.

"Yes?" Spike prompted.

Her voice dropped. He had to lean forward to catch the breathless, half-whispered words.

"Aunt Ollie's room was just above, and the windows were open and she heard it all. For twenty years she'd stood by and seen her half sister ruin everything and everybody. And she was fed up with it—*fed up.* And she knew she was going to—to die."

THE whispered voice broke and the girl's bright head bowed against one tightly clenched fist. He gave her a little time to recover herself. Then he urged her on:

"How did she know she was going—to die?"

"Pennypacker had told her just a few weeks before. Leukemia. It's something about the blood."

"And so—"

"And so she—she had the gun that had killed Prentice Ballinger. She'd kept it for years. She kept it in a little locked drawer in that old-fashioned dresser of hers. One day about two years ago she was sick, and I was trying to find something in the dresser for her, and I came across it by accident. At first she was upset. Then she told me what it was. Or at least partly. She said, 'That is the gun that killed your father.' And she made me put it back and lock it up again and give her the key. And then she said, 'I have always kept it. I always shall.'

"She'd made up her mind that evening during dinner after she'd heard Adrienne calling Worts for Momma. When she and Jennie and Sarah got to the movies that night, she told 'em to go up into the balcony so Jennie could smoke, and she'd sit downstairs, and she'd meet them in the lobby afterward.

"And then she came home—sometime around nine or nine thirty. She got the gun and went down to Momma's room. Momma was asleep. She'd had a sedative. It was easy. Aunt Ollie shot her.

"And then Aunt Ollie went back to the movies. And she met Sarah and Jennie in the lobby afterward, and they had ice cream together and came home. The maids went to bed and Aunt Ollie went up to her room. She didn't sleep. She just sat there in the dark.

AND then she heard a sound, and went and looked over the bannisters, and it was Dave. She didn't say anything or make any noise. She just waited. He went into Momma's room, and then in a few minutes he came reeling out. She knew then what she had to do. She had to go back into the room where the body lay and wipe everything off that Dave might have touched. She waited until after he left. Then she went to her own room to get a towel. When she came out into the hall, she heard another noise downstairs. She went to the head of the stairs and looked down over the bannisters again.

"It was Jeff. He and Dave must have missed each other by inches. He went in and— Well, you know what happened from there on."

"Do Pennypacker and Sarah know?"

"Sarah has begun to suspect. Pennypacker knows. I told him—this afternoon before he went to your apartment. But they've known her and loved her even longer than I have."

"And you are willing to burn up heaven and hell, to risk prosecution on half a dozen counts, and give up your share in the Ballinger fortune—to save her."

"Yes."

"You thought running away might do the trick, but we caught you. So then you tried to frame Linscott. You thought if you got that passport and destroyed it, he'd be out on a limb for the period covering Prentice Ballinger's death, and then it would be easier to hang both murders on him."

"Yes."

"Don't you know passports are registered in the State Department in Washington? Well, there you—" He put his hand into an inner pocket, then drew it away—empty.

"I burned it," she said. "I searched you for it the first thing after the crew hauled you in here."

He rose and paced slowly up and down the cabin. At last he came to a halt directly in front of her.

"You're a thief, a blackmailer, a girl without a conscience. You're guilty of assault and battery, of abduction and shanghaiing. And you tried to frame a guy with

two murders he never committed."

She lifted her eyes, met his. "So what are you going to do about it?"

"You don't trust me, do you?"

"I don't trust any one but myself."

"But what if I were to promise . . ."

"It wouldn't do you any good. It's getting late—maybe I should say early." She motioned to the letter lying on the table—the letter to Herschman. "Do you sign it, or will I have to forge your signature?"

He picked it up, read it through slowly once more. He looked down at the girl. He could see the tiny pulse beating rapidly in her throat.

Then he bent swiftly and signed his name.

He smiled wryly. "Never," he said quietly, "let it be said that I don't know my match when I meet it."

Her hands trembled as she took the letter from him. "Th-thanks." A single word but she managed a world of meaning in it.

"There's another note I have to write," he said. "Can't you—" He held out his handcuffed hands.

"All right." She took the key from her bag and unlocked them.

Dear Pug [he wrote]: Don't expect me until you see me. Call Herschman and he'll give you the dope. I'll be back in about three months. In the meantime, hock anything you have to, to keep going. SPIKE.

P. S.—I've met some dame. Beside her I'm just a Boy Scout who still uses water wings. Can she dish it out!

He waited until she had read what he had written. Then he folded the note and handed it to her. "To be delivered to Mr. Pug Beasley at my apartment."

She took it and put it in her bag. She went to the door opening into the companionway. She paused with her hand on the knob. She hesitated, turned back toward him.

"It will be November when you get back. Will I—will I be seeing you?"

He took two quick strides, covering the distance between them. He looked down into her upturned face. He grinned.

Then swiftly he stooped and kissed her.

"Will you be seeing me?" he repeated. "And how, baby! And *how!*"

THE END

A TRUE TWO-MINUTE STORY

THE morning was warm and quiet. Lake Maggiore in Italy lay basking in the brilliant sun. Europe was peaceful then. Happy Italian people passed to and fro before the hotel on the square in Stresa. One peasant called cheerily to another. Everywhere the lazy quiet of a sunny morning in Italy reigned. Before a large bay window at the end of a friendly living room sat a man who was older than young and younger than old. White hair and a startling white beard focused your attention immediately, and childlike, being only nine years of age, I made a beeline for the only person I had seen that morning who looked as though he might speak good old English. Bravely I trotted up to this person.

"Hello," I said. "Do you speak English?"

"Yes, of course I do, little girl. Are you an American?" His voice was very British and his friendliness made me bolder.

"What are you playing?"—indicating the cards spread out before him on the broad windowsill.

"I wasn't playing, but I'll show you something that you can figure out, I'll wager. Watch carefully now. See. I take three jacks. Let's make believe they are robbers and the deck of cards a house they are going to rob. Now one goes in the front door, one goes in the back door, and the third goes in the side door. Now there they go, and all three will meet in the hall. Watch now. I cut the deck and you'll find all three together."

Sure enough, there they were, all together. I was enchanted. He smiled and showed me again. For the remainder of the morning my new-found British friend showed me card tricks.

Along about noon a small English girl invaded our retreat and shyly requested a small favor of my genial companion.

"Of course, my dear; what is it?"

"May I have your autograph?"

"Yes, certainly." And taking a pencil, he wrote his name across the proffered paper.

Happily, as though guarding a rare treasure, she skipped off, clutching her precious paper.

"I must go now, little girl; but we'll play cards again soon, I hope."

I never saw him again; but when I found out what his signature would have meant and why the little English girl was so happy and proud, I have always treasured that happy morning in Stresa. For when he signed her paper, the name written across it was—George Bernard Shaw. —*Joan Cook.*

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a sufficiently stamped, properly self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding them.

Fleas and lice—warns U. S. Dept. of Agriculture Circular No. 338—can transmit tapeworms and sarcoptic mange to dogs.

That flea, for which your dog may now be scratching, may be a carrier of tapeworm larva. If your dog snaps at it successfully and swallows him, he may become infested. Don't let your dog continue being exposed to the dangers and torments of fleas and lice. Act at once!

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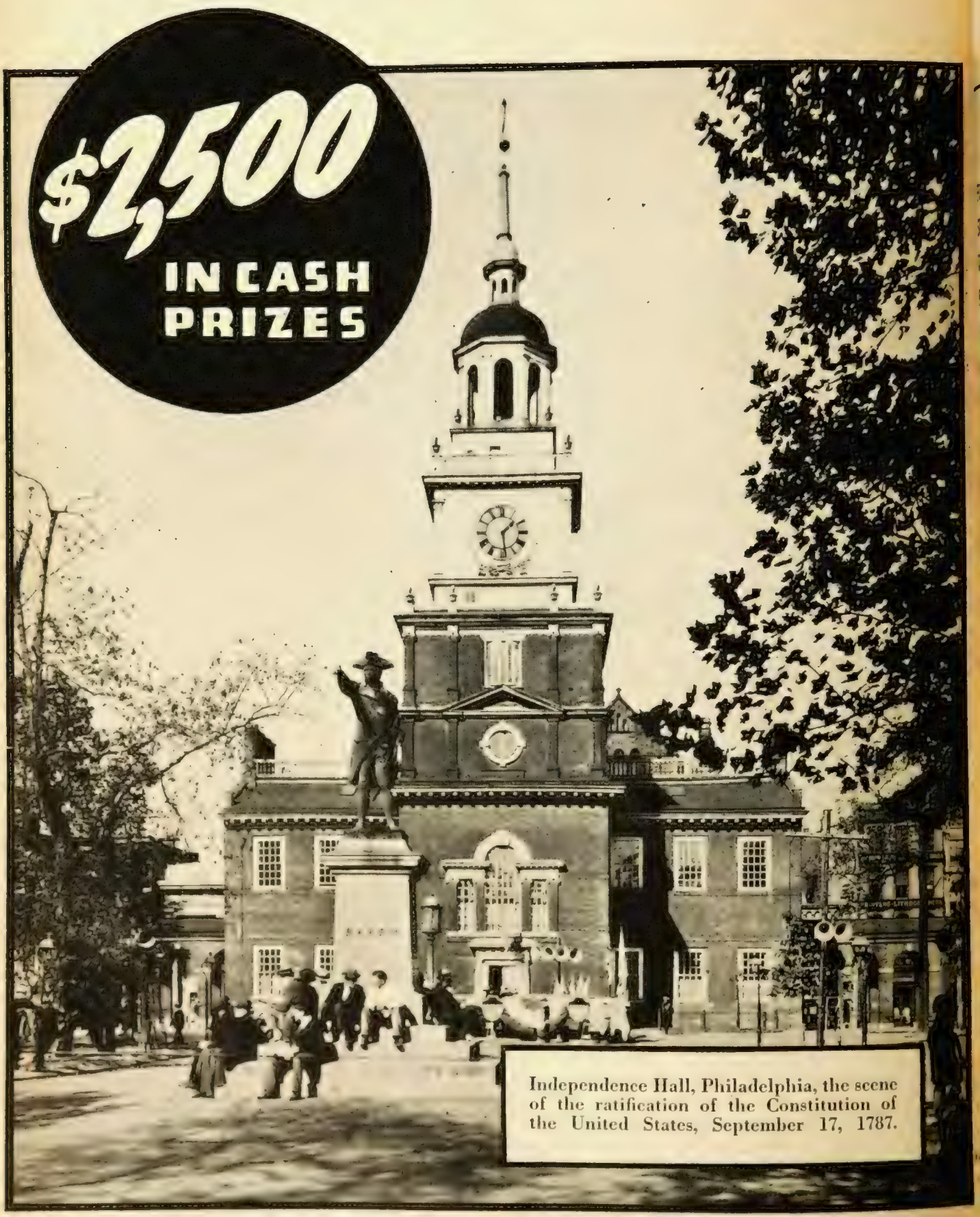

Independence Hall, Philadelphia, the scene of the ratification of the Constitution of the United States, September 17, 1787.

Constitution *Quiz Contest*

PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTY PRIZES, Each $10	500
220 PRIZES, Each $5	1,100
TOTAL PRIZES	$2,500

LIBERTY sincerely believes that at no time in the history of our democracy has a knowledge of the fundamental provisions of the United States Constitution and an understanding of the rights of freedom it guarantees been so necessary in American homes. The march of totalitarianism abroad makes the United States Constitution of significant importance. The claims and counterclaims of a national Presidential campaign add to the necessity for basic knowledge of how American institutions function.

For that reason Liberty presents its United States Constitution Quiz Contest, a contest that every one can enter and any one who can read can win, and offers $2,500 in substantial cash prizes as the incentive for competition.

Plan to enter the contest yourself. If there is a child or children of grammar-school or high-school age in your home, be sure to have them enter. Their chance to share in the 274 worthwhile awards is excellent.

The brief Rules explain clearly how to enter and win. Read them carefully. Then clip the box of questions at the right, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and, after a reading of the Constitution, write your answers underneath.

Liberty believes that there is a copy of the Constitution somewhere in every home. Histories, encyclopedias, reference books make it available. If, for any reason, you wish a separate copy of the Constitution for use in connection with the contest, Liberty can furnish it. Mail your request to the address in Contest Rule 8 and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing.

And now, it's your contest. Success to you!

THE RULES

1. Each week for thirteen weeks ending with the issue dated December 7, 1940, Liberty will publish a set of questions on the Constitution of the United States.
2. To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath. In answering, wherever possible state first the Article of the Constitution, second the Section, and finally, while you are not restricted as to the number of words you can use, for the sake of brevity use the fewest words possible, preferably words selected direct from the Constitution. When answers are found in the Amendments, substitute the word "Amendment" for "Article" when writing your answers.
3. Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when you will have a set of thirteen coupons and the requisite answers. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
6. Entries will be judged upon the accuracy and logic of the answers given.
7. On this basis, the best entry will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded the $250 Second Prize, $100 Third Prize, and $50 Fourth Prize, in the order of their excellence. The fifty next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 220 next best entries will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
8. All entries must be submitted by First Class mail, addressed to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
9. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, December 18, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION QUIZ No. 1

1. What determines the number of Presidential electors in any given state?
2. Where in the Constitution do all of the following words appear in the same paragraph—petition, religion, press, assemble, speech?
3. How many times does the word "veto" appear in the Constitution?
4. The expression "preserve, protect and defend" appears where in the Constitution?
5. Where in the Constitution does the expression "cruel and unusual punishment" occur?

SENATOR ADVOCATES NATIONAL LOTTERIES

ALBANY, N. Y.—Times being what they are, I believe that the best way for the American Red Cross to raise funds in sufficient volume is by the holding of a nation-wide lottery.

I am striving to enact legislation in Albany to legalize gambling, so that the road may be opened for the holding of a state lottery. I have studied many lotteries in various parts of the world in getting my material together, and one of the most startling things I discovered was that United States government officials are actually conducting a lottery in Puerto Rico. The proceeds of this lottery have benefited the Puerto Ricans immensely, and there is visible proof of the good results in the many modern hospitals which have been built with the funds raised by lottery.

Many of our most famous churches have been built with funds obtained through lotteries. George Washington thus raised the money to feed, clothe, and equip the Continental Army, and on many occasions he officiated at the drawings of lotteries. Even the City Hall of New York was built with money obtained through a lottery, and for the life of me I cannot see how the very people who condone bingo, screeno, raffles . . . call them what you will . . . can be so persistently opposed to the holding of a government-controlled lottery.

Millions of dollars — some authorities put the figure at hundreds of millions—go out of this country every year to support foreign lotteries, many of which are phony.

The American people do gamble, and it is computed by a reliable authority that six billions of dollars change hands in gambling each and every year. . . . Yet what a terrible struggle we had in the State Legislature to pass the Pari Mutuel Bill, which is now turning into the coffers of the state a goodly sum.

I think that the time has come for the government of our country to get some revenue from the gambling industry, and that such things as drives by the American Red Cross should be taken care of by a nation-wide lottery in which every person in the nation could participate.

Lotteries could easily replace taxes such as are imposed on cigarettes, movies, etc., etc. These taxes bear heavier upon the small-income groups than upon any others, and I think, in view of the tremendous sums about to be spent on armament, we should use this painless method of raising the money to replace nuisance taxes.

I would like to hear views from readers on the national lottery idea.—*Phelps Phelps, New York State Senator.*

VAN PAASSEN EXPLAINS HIS STAND

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIF.—I'm genuinely puzzled as to why Liberty should carry an article by van Paassen, and for this reason: van Paassen, while writing against Hitlerism in the article (and we are all against Hitler), is a Communist, is he not? His book, The Days of Our Years, is, in the opinion of many people, simply Communistic propaganda.

Even though in his Liberty article van Paassen merely opposes Nazism, as do all true Communists despite the Stalin-Hitler pact, and does not mention Communism, it follows that readers who have not studied the various isms may be influenced to think van Paassen spreads Americanism, because they will recall, in reading something else of his, that Liberty carried his work. It seems rather dangerous, to me, that such an influential magazine as Liberty should give space to a writer whose views are so at variance with true Americanism.

The pen is still mightier than the sword; at least, it has prepared the way for the sword in many European countries by propagandizing those countries long before war was actually declared—Holland, Norway, France, etc. I hope neither the Nazi nor the Communist pen can do equal damage here.

Why build up writers who would advocate the overthrow of this government? Is there logical reason for this? I'm honestly curious. — *Virginia Watson.*

[To label me a Communist is what certain organized cells of fifth columnists consider the easiest method of exercising pressure on editors. Sometimes I have thought of writing an article which would in very simple words tell of my credo, which I have tried to express in the personality of the French Abbé de la Roudaire in my book and in Reader's Digest. Such an article would explain my firm belief in the tenets of Christianity and my objection to the political dictatorships, regardless of their ideologies.

My case is the case of the millions who believe in the American way of life. How the new Europe affects them is a story that every true American feels. Such an article might also prove the best antidote against the poison that the fifth-column cells are spreading. Their slogan is to label anti-Fascism and anti-Hitlerism as Communism. Today it should be quite clear to every straight-thinking observer that to be anti-Hitler is to be *ipso facto* anti-Stalin.

There is no need for me to shout that I am not a Communist, however, because the boosters of the Stalinist system have long ago classified me as a "reactionary" and as a member of the "clique" that supports the "imperialistic war."—*Pierre van Paassen.*]

POVERTY RUN WHISTLES!

ZANESVILLE, OHIO — The way Liberty has been trying to wake up the American people, I believe its readers will appreciate this:

The Fourth of July I was out at Yelptown to a cottage which is situated on Poverty Run, when suddenly I was startled to hear a farmer

whistling. Never before had such strange sounds met my ears there, so away to the field to learn why all the jubilance, only to learn that Willkie had already established confidence in the future of America on Poverty Run.

No, of course you never heard of Poverty Run. Well, let the New Deal stay in power another four years and then try to find a run that isn't in poverty. — *Fred Archer.*

SHOOTING AT SUNRISE

SHELL LAKE, WIS. — Bernarr Macfadden says, "Shoot 'em at sunrise," and Vena Detta asks (April 13 Vox Pop), "But why wait until sunrise?"

So they can see to shoot 'em, stupid!—*C. A. Doner.*

HALO FOR KELLY

HILLSBORO, N. H. — It is very amusing to note the halo Edward Doherty attempts to place about the head of Mayor Kelly, Mr. Roosevelt's good friend, in his Wolves in the Windy City (July 20 Liberty), when he names this questionable person as one of the agencies attempting to clean up the City of Chicago. —*Edna M. Gage.*

"Why is the pyramid with the all-seeing eye on our dollar bill?" asks Joseph Timmsy of Indianapolis, Indiana. "What does it signify?"

SALUTE WAS PHOTOGRAPHED

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Whoever illustrated Why I Cannot Hate Hitler (August 3 Liberty) was not a good Nazi, as the salute given to the dead by the officer is not the Nazi salute. Correct me if I am wrong. The officer shown compliments himself and his cause by giving a salute very much like that given by the army of the good old U. S. A. How come?—*C. L. Thomas.*

[Deduct what you will, Mr. Thomas, but the picture was reproduced from a photograph taken in Germany and passed by the censor. —VOX POP EDITOR.]

WASHINGTON'S TOAST

TABOR, N. J.—Now that Queen Wilhelmina is not in Holland, King Haakon is not in Norway (and who knows the whereabouts of the kings of Belgium, Albania, and Ethiopia?) a toast proposed by George Washington has a new and surprising significance:

"Here's to King George! Keep him in England, and I'll drink him a full bumper!"—*Laurance Hart.*

POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FOR SECRETARY OF HEALTH

NIAGARA FALLS N Y BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL AUGUST 3RD LIBERTY OUTSTANDING AND INSPIRING MACFADDEN FOR SECRETARY OF HEALTH GROUPS SHOULD BE ORGANIZED FROM COAST TO COAST IN SUPPORT OF SUCH A GENEROUS AND UNSELFISH APPEAL WORLD EVENTS PROVE THAT STRONG BODIES AND KEEN INTELLECT SAFEGUARD A NATION THE HEALTH OF AMERICA NEEDS MACFADDEN HIS APPEAL SHALL NOT GO UNANSWERED—NEWMAN A GOLDSTEIN

¶ **"Every twenty years since 1840, the President elected died in office: 1840, Harrison; 1860, Lincoln; 1880, Garfield; 1900, McKinley; 1920, Harding," says G. T. of Chicago, Illinois. "So beware this year."**

WORDS TO BE EATEN?

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — Dorr W. Livenspire said (August 3 Vox Pop): "There are thousands of ways that our schools have told our children to sell things but not one way to produce them."

In all cities and in many of the larger towns there are manual training schools as part of the public school system.—*George H. Barnes.*

SUFFERING CATS!

OAKLAND, CALIF. — No, Sybil O'Keefe (August 3 Vox Pop), cats do not suck children's breath. But children pull cats' tails, carry them around by one leg, poke straws in their ears, and otherwise maliciously maltreat them.

The above is an authentic "bit of animal lore," if you like that sort of thing.—*Ross W. Gilbert.*

WHAR'S THAT THAR GOLD?

GASTONIA, N. C.—Generally I start Liberty with reading Vox Pop, but that's as far as I got in the July 27 issue, because the comment by J. P. M. of Chicago that he knew a place where a young man who wasn't afraid to get his hands dirty could make from ten to twenty dollars a day prospecting for gold interested me very much. Where is the place, J. P. M.? —*William P. Rankin.*

[Tell 'em, J. P. M. Scores of our he-man Vox Poppers want to know. You have a gold rush on your hands that's all set to go!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

THREE FAVORITES

WASHINGTON, D. C.—If I had to enter a contest as to the features I enjoy most in Liberty (which is my favorite reading matter), I would say, first the page by editor Fulton Oursler (because his earthy understanding of folks' problems causes him to say the things I think and feel but cannot say); second, Vox Pop, which I read every week but have never in the past ten years contributed to; third, To the Ladies! by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, although I don't see why so gifted a writer should cut down her public because of a blind loyalty to a never loyal sex, such as is indicated by her title.—*John Arthur Shaw.*

¶ **Until that half of the world which is better off begins to walk hand in hand with that half of the world which is badly off, misery, want, sorrow, discontent, crime, turmoil, and war will remain rampant," reflects V. E. Dillon of Mexico City, Mexico.**

JOY TO LOOK AT COVER

RIVERDALE, N. Y.—I've gotten so much pleasure looking at the July 27 cover of Liberty —the picture of the Flying Scotsman—that I feel I should tell you. Several of my friends commented on it also, and pointed out with glee the expression on his face, and the tiny delightful details like pipe and matches tucked in the top of his hose.

It's a joy to look at this cover, so I have been placing Liberty on the top of the pile of current magazines.—*Frances Demrick.*

¶ **"If a Cockney is 'one born within sound of Bow bells,' a Nazi (vide Punch) 'one within sound of Goebbels,' just what is a Yankee?" inquires A. B. Longman of Duncan, British Columbia.**

GOLF PENALTY SETTLED

HARVEY, ILL.—Referring to Richards Vidmer's Wild Golfers I Have Known (July 27 Liberty), may I call your attention to the play recorded by Dizzy Dean, his ball being in a creek crossing the fairway, etc.?

The penalty is *one* stroke—never has been *two* strokes. Rule No. 27 of U. S. G. A. Rules of Golf covers the matter.

Sorry, Mr. Vidmer, but seems that I just had to do this! — *Emilie M. Dewey, Chairman of Rules, Chicago Women's District Golf Association.*

DOUBT FIRST IMPRESSIONS!

DENVER, COLO.—How often have you heard some one say, "Oh, I wish I had followed my first impressions!"

Now, first impressions of a person are not apt to be right —despite frequent statements to such effect and a general tendency to be guided by such judgment. We are very liable unconsciously to endow a new acquaintance with certain characteristics of others we know whom he resembles outwardly, which is unreliable, to say the least. — *Hattie Jameson.*

¶ **"Couldn't you run Ted Shane's picture with his puzzles?" suggests Elizabeth Martin of Greenfield, Iowa. "Vive Liberty and Ted Shane!"**

"They're capsules with sticks on the ends to look like lollipops."

What Hitler Stole from the United States

FULTON OURSLER

SOME PEOPLE believe that Uncle Sam is the country cousin among the nations. They compare him to the farmer who comes to the big city and buys gold bricks and the Brooklyn Bridge; a fellow with an abiding trustfulness that passes understanding. On that basis the propagandists deal with him every day. Now comes Walter Karig in Liberty next week to tell us that most of the new war weapons and methods which we call blitzkrieg originated in America! In other words, Hitler got his new technique from guileless Uncle Sam, who didn't know what a good thing he had. In his revealing article, Blitzkrieg Made in U. S. A., Mr. Karig sets out to show that one after another of the new methods of warfare, one new technique after another, could have belonged exclusively to the United States Army. Why were the plans rejected, to be snapped up by the alert Germans? Who were the Americans who declined to adopt them for the United States Army? These questions are answered by Mr. Karig with great clarity and distinctness and, I might add, with considerable courage. If you find the facts in this article, as did I, a little disheartening, perhaps it is just as well. There was inefficiency in England and in France—blunderers and stubborn men without vision. France has already paid the penalty for the folly of these men and Great Britain would be in a different position today if more farsighted officials had guided her government in the years before the war. It is to be doubted, however, whether in either of those countries more stupid mistakes were made than have been made by some of our own officials. We publish Mr. Karig's article in the hope that it will arouse sufficient indignation to bring on an investigation, not for the purpose of punishing anybody but for the more important purpose of seeing to it that such things cannot happen and must not happen in the future.

NOW THAT IS SERIOUS, BUT not everything in next week's issue is on such a serious note. There is, for example, the experience of the young lady in the window of a fashionable shop on Worth Avenue, Palm Beach. She wasn't a wax model but a flesh-and-blood young lady of most attractive proportions, and she was weeping. At that appropriate moment an unexpected uncle came into her life. He wanted to know why she was crying, and very soon he found out. The result of his curiosity was a series of memorable happenings that you will not want to miss. You will find them in all their hilarious and somewhat provocative detail in the new novel by Eric Hatch, called Unexpected Uncle, which starts next week. There are many other entertaining features in the next issue, including The Glory of Going On, by I. A. R. Wylie, a really striking short story, and another yarn by Walter Brooks called Just a Song at Twilight. Among the articles, I recommend especially Parlor, Bedroom, and Classroom, a piece that will open your eyes; Is It Good-by College Football? by "Yankee Stade"; Music When I Want It, by John Erskine; Girl Talks Politics, by Geraldine York; The Bread of Hate, by Kent Sagendorph; and of course full installments of the Robert Wake series, Pendergast Is Free! and Lightning in the Night, by Fred Allhoff and his advisers, together with the exciting conclusion of the recollections of Bayard Veiller.

SALMAGUNDI: That writer of good short stories, Mildred Cram, writes: "Thank you for the fine appearance of my short story, Miracle on the Blotter. It is so gratifying and so encouraging to have a story published uncut and unchanged. If one is a serious craftsman, the finished story is the best possible piece of architecture. . . . A strut removed here and there can so weaken the structure that it often collapses." I certainly agree with this author that magazines should not cut fiction stories. It is like cutting off the legs of a baby to fit the child into the carriage. . . . And by the way, Miss Cram, when do we get another story? . . . One week, for lack of space, we left out our Twenty Questions Department. The following week we received a letter from the Federal Works Agency, Works Projects Administration, Professional and Service Division of New Jersey: "It may please you to know that for the past two years we have been using your questions and answers, employing the Socratic method of handling them, in our adult education classes throughout the State of New Jersey. We have found these questions and answers very fruitful from many angles, as they have proven not only educational but entertaining and inspirational as well. Many of our students have made scrapbooks, and one was so well done that it was placed in our annual exhibit. In the June 1st issue of Liberty we noticed the omission of the questions. However, we were glad to know you hadn't decided to discontinue them when we found them in the next issue." . . . Nickolas Muray is sending out publicity combating the growing custom of women going out of doors without hats. In his mimeographed publicity Mr. Muray quotes some of our favorite friends, including James Montgomery Flagg, Dean Cornwall, and Samuel Hopkins Adams, all in favor of women wearing hats. But I think Mr. Muray is not being entirely fair. He first sent out circular letters asking for opinions on this subject, and one of these circulars was directed to me. In my reply I sided with the hatless women. Now Mr. Muray sends out only the replies favorable to his cause; he doesn't give the views of the dissenters. What I told him was something like this: "A woman without a hat, on the street or off, is, more often than not, more beautiful than a woman wearing a hat. The reason is obvious. The comic invention which goes into the design of the strange apparatuses which women stick on their heads has given me, and many other men, a chronic stomach condition. Nothing is too silly for some women to carry on their heads if only some overcharging merchant tells them the things are the fashion. What is becoming to them doesn't matter. What is the latest style does matter. The price that American husbands pay for these silly things is not to be measured in dollars alone, although, God knows, by that yardstick he pays enough. If he could pay for the hats and then put them away where they could never be seen again, it would not be so bad; but he has to look at them, and he has to look at them perched at some cockeyed angle on top of what is, or should be, his dearest and most treasured possession—the head and front of his loved one. What kind of hat would you suggest for the Venus de Milo?"

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER 14, 1940

EDITORIAL

How Huge Sums Can Be Saved through Registration System
Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

You Don't Understand Love
Francis M. Cockrell 7

Forsaking All Others
Phyllis Duganne 22

A True Two-Minute Story
Joan Cook 57

SERIALS

Pendergast Is Free!—Part II
Robert Wake 16

Lightning in the Night—Part III
Fred Allhoff 32

The Fun I've Had—Part III
Bayard Veiller 42

Who Killed This Woman?—Conclusion .....Harriette Ashbrook 51

ARTICLES

Is Hitler Militarizing Mexico?
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 5

Should the Schools Teach Sex?
Ann L. Crockett 12

Hollywood Hostess
Frederick L. Collins 14

Who Pays for the New Deal's Propaganda?
U. S. Representative Robert F. Jones of Ohio 29

On to Gravy!...."Yankee Stade" 39

FEATURES

Twenty Questions, 38; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 47; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 48; Crossword Puzzle, 50; $2,500 Patriotic United States Constitution Quiz, 58; Vox Pop, 60.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY RUSSELL SAMBROOK

"Look," said Elsie, "you're turning green!"

"YES," SAID ABIGAIL, the cow on the other side of the fence, "I *am* turning green. What of it?"

"Well—er—" stammered Elsie, the Borden cow. "Isn't it a bit unusual?"

"Not at all," Abigail replied. "I often turn green when I'm jealous. It's what people call turning green with envy."

"What are you envious of?" inquired Elsie.

"You," said Abigail. "I'm envious of the clean, tidy barn you live in. I'm jealous of the way that young veterinarian checks up on your health. And I do wish someone was as careful about the purity of *my* milk as all those Borden folks are of *yours*."

"They might be," said Elsie rather tactlessly, "if your milk went into as many important products as mine."

"Like what?" snapped Abigail, for every cow has a certain amount of pride.

"Oh, like cheese," said Elsie. "Chateau, Borden's celebrated cheese food, is made from my rich milk, you know. It's delicious—a secret blend combined with rare, old, aged cheese. And though others have tried hard to imitate its flavor, they haven't got anywhere."

"I never got anywhere, either," sighed Abigail, "not even as far as the village store."

"That's a shame," sympathized Elsie. "If you had, you'd have seen, incidentally, two of my famous *canned* products on the shelf."

"What are they?" Abigail asked.

"One is *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*," Elsie replied. "Cooks who know their cookies always make them with Eagle Brand. It's magic for candies and cake frostings, too."

Abigail turned a deeper shade of green, about the color of a well-dressed bull frog, as Elsie continued:

"And my *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* is so digestible and rich in Vitamin D that doctors often recommend it for infant

formulas. It also makes casserole dishes and whipped potatoes fit for a gourmet."

Abigail, now green as a traffic light, said: "You've almost got me licking my chops."

"I *will* have you licking them," declared Elsie, "when you hear about *Borden's Ice Cream*. It's the smoothest, creamiest, most

delicious thing that ever melted on your tongue. Wise men have been known to write poems about it."

"William Wordsworth, if I remember my poets," smiled Abigail, "said that he could write a poem even about glue."

"Indeed, he might have," Elsie countered, "if he had known about *Borden's Casco Glue*. It's made out of *casein* extracted from my milk. It's such good glue that you can use it for the heaviest jobs or for delicate work on things like ship models."

"And I suppose because it never comes unstuck, you're terribly stuck up about it," laughed Abigail.

"I am proud of it," said Elsie. "I'm proud of everything Borden's make...it's so *good*. We sure live up to our motto."

"What motto?" asked Abigail.

"That one," cried Elsie, pointing to a big sign painted on the barn..."*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

SEE ELSIE IN HER COW BOUDOIR AT THE BORDEN BUILDING, NEW YORK WORLDS FAIR

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● *Actual color photograph—Bill Currin chants "Sold American!"—and another lot of fine golden leaf goes to Luckies*

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine

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As tobacco experts like Bill Currin will tell you, Luckies buy the finer leaf. These men know . . . for they spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Now here's what this means to you as a smoker . . . Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine. The more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of proven mildness. So remember this fact: for two years, the average nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands★—less than any one of them.

Luckies, you see, analyze tobacco before buying it. So our buyers can select leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet milder—low in nicotine.

Remember, with independent tobacco experts, with men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1.

★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940 Lucky Strike has averaged

9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 TO 1